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ALEXANDER UROUZHART Cover picture: Paul Capogrossa's "Reading, Connecticut, Woody Series", 1968, is taken from Estelle Jussim and Elizabeth Lindquist-Cock's "Landscape as Photograph" (1986, Yale University Press, Paperback, £14.95, 0 300 03941 7).

Future shock, past remedies

Alec Cairncross

PETER JAY and MICHAEL STEWART
Apocalypse 2000: Economic breakdown and the suicide of democracy 1989-2000
254pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £12.95.
0283 99440 1

EDWARD MORTIMER (Editor)
Roosevelt's Children: Tomorrow's leaders and their world
422pp. Hamish Hamilton. £12.95.
0241 12021 7

Economists were bound sooner or later to take to the methods of science fiction. A narrative set in the future is so much easier to read than an analysis of what is going on now: not only easier to read but much more telling. What appeals to the imagination wins reader acceptance than what has to be mastered as abstract propositions. So why not disguise polemic as futurology?

In *Apocalypse 2000* Peter Jay and Michael Stewart do just that. They do not, as one might expect, take the precaution of distancing their story from current events to make it refer to a world unfamiliar to us. On the contrary, it is the immediate future that they describe and the unfolding of developments already in train. They start off in 1989 and take little interest in events after 1996. Their imagined world is therefore continuous with our own and faces political, social and economic problems akin to ours. Their apocalypse, moreover, is the fruit of economic problems, not of nuclear warfare or Aids, or communist aggression, or other favoured agents of catastrophe. The Soviet Union is hardly mentioned and the rest of the communist world, including China, is passed over in silence. It is in the industrial world of the West that the action is concentrated.

The story they tell, supposedly written by a historian of the twenty-first century, is of the failure of expansionist economic policies adopted in 1989 in the main industrial countries. A new President has just taken office in the United States; an SDP-Green coalition government is formed in Germany later in the year; a centre-left coalition comes to power in France in the autumn; and by 1989 a "thoroughly expansionist Prime Minister" has replaced Mrs Thatcher. But in each case, for different reasons, the government's programme runs into difficulties.

In the United States, Congress has no hesitation in enacting proposals to limit imports: "a temporary tariff of 50 per cent on all imports of manufactured goods from countries whose exports to the US exceeded their imports from the US by more than 20 per cent". But when it comes to cutting the \$200 billion budget deficit Congress will neither sanction the necessary cuts in expenditure nor levy the necessary additions to revenue. As a result, by the mid-1990s more than 2 per cent of America's GNP is going to the payment of interest on debt to other countries. Strikes brought on by stagnant real wages alarm financial markets in 1992; there is a run on the dollar, Congress refuses to sanction an approach to the IMF and the President has no option but to accept a large rise in interest rates and an end to his hopes of expansion.

In Germany, France and Britain expansionist policies meet with equally little success. The account of events in each country contains nothing very surprising since so much is an echo of past experience. It is the sequel that startles us: A neo-Fascist leader, Le Rich, emerges as a result of the policy failures. Within a few years his "Europe First Movement" wins control of the European Parliament and all European governments in turn are obliged, one by one, to surrender their sovereign powers to it. Meanwhile the Japanese economy collapses and Japan turns in on itself. In the United States there is social chaos as guerrilla warfare, organized rioting and assassination become established practices.

These events are not depicted as the inevitable outcome of current trends. On the contrary, the story is a moral tale intended to bring home the need to mend our ways and follow the prescriptions described briefly in the epilogue. There we are told that the real failure producing the slide to disaster after 1989 was a moral failure: indifference and ineptitude in the face of heavy and persistent unemployment.

Action to reduce unemployment to a tolerable level would have been in time "in 1987 or even 1988", but thereafter it was too late.

What are we to make of this story? Does it hold together as a piece of fiction and present a plausible and consistent view of a possible future? Is it convincing as a piece of social and economic analysis correctly diagnosing the underlying trends and unsolved problems facing us or likely to emerge in the next few years?

As a piece of fiction it is readable if somewhat melodramatic. There is a good mixture of incident and exposition, comment on the past and sketch of the future. The intimate knowledge shown of the social and political landscape, particularly in the United States, lends plausibility to the narrative. Much of it deals with what has already happened; and the blending of past and future gives a sense of continuity which is all the stronger because the plot itself echoes the past. The sequence of events in the 1990s reads like a rerun of the years after 1929. Le Rich serves as a counterpart to Hitler who also, as we are reminded, came to power in a democratic election. At

with the budget deficit - the administration's lack of power "to do what any other democratic government could expect to do as a matter of course: decide on the right balance between public expenditure and taxation, and implement the decision". The authors spell out the obstacles to acceptance by Congress of the radical changes, either in expenditure or in taxation, that would be required in order to bring down the US budget deficit to a reasonable level. They also show how this has obliged American governments to rely on monetary policy and let interest rates rise so as to draw in other countries' savings.

But the budget deficit (when combined with high interest rates) was not in the past a threat to the currency. Now it is. The cumulative debt to other countries contracted by the US is rapidly becoming insupportable in 1987 and creating the danger of an immediate run on the dollar. It is hard to imagine Congress taking no action in these circumstances to cut the budget deficit, if not in 1987 then by 1989 at latest. As Fred Bergsten puts it in Edward Mortimer's *Roosevelt's Children*:

Only one person stands between us and a sharp



One of 250 television stills on show in the exhibition Paul Trevor's Constant Exposure at the Photographers' Gallery, 5 Great Newport Street, London WC2 until July 5. It is reproduced from Trevor's book *Constant Exposure: A Love story* (151 pp. Proper Pictures; from Photographers' Gallery, £9.95, 1 870 481 003).

that time, too, there were some ugly social consequences, particularly in Germany, of high and persistent unemployment. Other elements in the story such as the renewal of inflation as employment expands, foreign exchange crises, strikes, the desperate resort to tight money, are already familiar to us. Of course, there is no simple repetition of the past. In the 1990s we are in a world of drugs and terrorism unknown in the 1930s. France has a nuclear disaster which nearly precipitates a German invasion; the Middle East supplies weapons to black radical groups in the United States who pay for them out of the profits of a drug racket; South Africa, under black rule, supplies arms too; India breaks up into warring states.

Even as a work of fiction the book creeps. To an economist it makes things happen too slowly; to a politician, too fast. It is unimaginable that world financial markets would support an American budget deficit of \$200 billion a year without a crisis long before 1992. That part of the scenario is with us now, not some years hence. On the other hand, the political side of the story compresses events into much too short compass. No doubt we live in a world where it is all too easy for things to go wrong. But would they all go wrong quite so fast? Could a Europe First Movement win over 51 per cent of the votes for the European Parliament six years after it was founded and three years after winning its first Parliamentary seat? Is the dénouement of Le Rich's electoral victory and the ending of national sovereignty in Europe not a little too pat?

When we turn to the analysis, it is again not the detail but the longer sweep that raises doubts. What is supposed to have gone wrong after 1989? Why should things be so much worse in the 1990s than in the 1980s? If we take first the US, the answer lies in failure to deal

decline in the budget deficit, and that's President Reagan. The Congress has been very willing to slow the pace of the deficit build-up, despite elections coming every two years; the Congress has been quite willing to raise taxes - they did so in 1982 and again in 1984, but the President has resisted both these components of a debt-reducing package.

Some of the threat to the dollar (and some of the budget deficit) would be removed if America were more competitive and had a more favourable balance of payments. No link is drawn, however, in *Apocalypse 2000* between the introduction of import controls in 1989 and the subsequent state of the budget or the balance of payments. Nor is much made of the world-wide reactions that would inevitably follow such a move. Instead the authors are at pains to make the move seem ineffective by dwelling on American industry's difficulty in replacing imports for lack of the necessary capacity (transatlantic deindustrialization) and the more intense competition in third markets that would result when countries were denied access to the US market.

It is not to the budget deficit, however, that America's undoing is attributed: it is to the way in which efforts to balance the budget hit the poor, add to unemployment and impoverish the environment. It is these social consequences of economic failure, as the authors see it, that set off riots, arson and looting, a rise in crime and drug-taking and black guerrilla warfare. On the economic failure itself they have remarkably little to say. The argument is that a relatively small minority of the population, if alienated from the predominant philosophy, if sufficiently determined and adequately armed, can make life in a complex modern society virtually intolerable for everyone else.

Perhaps so. But this argument holds whatever the source of the alienation and whether it yields to government policy or not. Earlier

passages take it for granted that alienation is preventable, that it results from a denial of justice and equality (and presumably of jobs) and is linked directly to what the government spends. Social disorder and economic failure may go together but even prosperity does not wipe out alienation and can even aggravate it.

What is supposed to have gone wrong in Europe is more difficult to discover. In Germany the story we are given focuses on the re-election in 1993, with a large majority, of an SPD government pledged to the phasing out of nuclear power stations. The prospect of a long period of Socialist government is taken to be enough to account for a swing of right-wing opinion to the Europe First Movement, offering a Europe-wide government of a non-Socialist complexion and a more highly protected European market dominated by Germany.

The explanation for France is in terms of rising unemployment associated with world depression, falling commodity prices and import controls, and issuing in strikes and demonstrations of increasing violence. For the United Kingdom we are given an equally dramatic picture of deflationary measures, a stock exchange collapse, large-scale defaults on mortgages, rapidly rising unemployment, a winter in 1993-4 of "fury and violence", a withdrawal of police goodwill after rejection of their pay claims and a rising wave of crime and violence.

All this is described with great verve. It makes a good story. But it does not carry conviction. Indeed, the very detail with which the situation in each country is described detracts from the total effect. We lose sight of the common factors at work, tearing the fabric of the world economy apart, and become preoccupied instead with the "fury and violence", taking different forms in each country. Increased violence may well accompany world economic disorder and promote the return of governments committed to the restoration of law and order. But if the root of the trouble is economic it is this that we want to know about. What ought to be done to put things right? Le Rich clearly does not know since he is made to fall back on autarchy to keep down the level of unemployment and this, as the authors show, serves only to reduce living standards all round.

The thesis of the book is that there is no answer: after 1989 it is too late. So what we are offered in the epilogue is a critique of pre-1989 (that is, current) policies. This goes back to the 1970s which it sees, quite rightly, as a watershed but a watershed, curiously enough, in attitudes rather than in the economic forces at work. It complains of greed and indifference in the face of rising unemployment but does not link these attitudes with the acceleration in inflation which, more than anything, transformed the policy environment. It is odd to find Peter Jay, who twenty years ago was one of the high priests of monetarism, inviting us to join him in casting out, with the enthusiasm of a convert, those dangerous doctrines that he helped to spread with equal zest. If he now sees the need to take strong action to deal with unemployment he seems to have lost all sense of the need to pay regard to inflation too. There is little in the epilogue to indicate the deep public fear of inflation, its threat to the poor even more than to the rest, or of the inadequacy of existing policies (including both incomes policies and heavy unemployment) to cope with it. Only world deflation, by bringing down international commodity prices, has had a continuing and perceptible effect on wage demands.

We may blame governments for choosing the wrong weapons for fighting inflation, but we have to admit that there is no easy or generally acceptable way of dealing with it - not temporary expedients. Must it rest solely with governments to find ways of ensuring that inflation is kept within limits? May we not have more of them than they can perform without the steady backing of public opinion?

No doubt modern discontent, whatever their origin, lay a trail of gunpowder, and economic mismanagement can provide the spark. But if we want to convey the fundamentals of good economic management, we need to concentrate wholeheartedly on the key issue. First of all, in a world economy that nobles manage since America gave up the job, we inevitably at risk. The imbalance that

Marshall Plan helped Europe to overcome have been succeeded by imbalances that are potentially just as obstinate and just as dangerous. The Americans do not save enough if they have to finance large budget deficits; the Japanese save too much if there is no American deficit for them to finance; the rest of the world is under threat as each of these giants seeks to find a remedy, the Americans by cutting imports, the Japanese by seeking alternative export markets. Who is likely to run a \$200 billion deficit once America comes back into balance or begins to repay debt? If the answer is nobody, how can countries like Germany and Japan continue in massive surplus?

Containing inflation as unemployment is reduced and output expands to take up the slack is a second, and may prove a more enduring, problem. It cannot be assumed that it can be solved consistently with unchanged living standards for those already in jobs, although in the past that may have been so. There are newcomers to be accommodated within and among national economies. There are also problems of coping with volatile financial markets that can dominate national governments at least as easily as can militant trade unions. Once the genie of inflation is out of the bottle it is not easy to put it back again.

What needs to be emphasized is not that employment is more important than price stability – most of us have no difficulty in accepting that – but that reductions in employment may have very little effect on wages and prices and may be ineffective as a weapon for combating inflation. There is, and has long been, a large element of indeterminacy in the movements of money wages from year to year and so long as that is so there will remain a cor-

respondingly large element of indeterminacy in the movement of prices.

While *Apocalypse 2000* looks back from next century, *Roosevelt's Children* has a different perspective. It starts from an earlier period of crisis, when a new world order was taking shape in the immediate aftermath of war and credits Roosevelt with having set his stamp on that new order although his contribution was largely confined to the establishment of the United Nations. It then presents the views of a number of leaders of the generation born during or shortly after the Second World War who inherited the new order and who in that sense are "Roosevelt's Children".

What this yields is a series of excerpts from interviews linked together by a narrative and commentary by the editor, Edward Mortimer, himself one of Roosevelt's children. This worked well on television and it was for television (Channel 4) that the interviews were originally commissioned. It is a good deal less satisfactory as a way of dissecting complex political and economic problems for the reader. It works better as a way of presenting current problems than as a way of explaining how the post-war world, in disorder as much as order, was created. For the one purpose it is helpful to be given a lively impression of the scope for debate and the conflict of views such as interviews can provide, whereas for the other what we need is a coherent and consistent exposition by a good historian.

The whole set-up is a little artificial. The problems of the late 1980s do not seem to have much in common with those of the late 1940s, and neither set of problems has much to do with Roosevelt, who died before the war of 1939–45 was over. There are in fact two books

held together by the idea behind the title. In one we are asked to envisage the problems of founding a new world order after 1945 and reflect on the changes that have occurred since; and in the second we are looking at those changes and at the world of the 1980s through the eyes of forty-year-olds, all of them already influential figures.

The early sections of the book rely on the recollections of a dozen participants in the moulding of the post-war world, including Lord Franks, Lord Gladwyn, Alger Hiss and Eddie Bernstein – "Roosevelt's Midwives" as they are labelled. The passages quoted from interviews with these octogenarians are very much to the point and do serve to illuminate the history of the period. But they are little more than a background to the recollections of the forty members of the next generation and their comments on the way the world has developed during their lifetime.

They are an articulate group (most of them politicians) and can put an argument vividly and concisely. There is at least one ex-Prime Minister (Laurent Fabius) and one Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition (Neil Kinnock). Then there are comments from Japanese, Arab and African (Nigerian) and other figures whose views are interesting and not easily available elsewhere. Finally come the American, British, French and German contingents (no Italians). They look back on Suez and Kennedy and Vietnam and détente and all the other milestones in international relations. But most of the time what holds the stage is America and what is happening there. This is partly because the Americans take such a confident stance and continue to look on themselves as world leaders; but also because most of the

others have grown up in a world in which America was very much the dominant influence and they have to ask themselves what place that influence will have in future. The general impression, not surprisingly, is of a world movement of opinion to the right, to distrust of the State (which counted for so much in 1945) and trust in markets (which was then at a low ebb). It is left to Chris Patten, who makes some of the most perceptive comments in the book, to point to "a ludicrous overconfidence in market forces".

None of those interviewed hints at a world in such disarray as *Apocalypse 2000*. Perhaps they were encouraged, when asked to look back to the 1940s, to recall how threats of world disaster as grave as any we now face were overcome then with unexpected success. If so, they may have overlooked the most significant feature of the Marshall Plan which made that success possible: that the Plan was backed and financed by a single country which accepted a responsibility for bringing the world economy back into balance. Whether the world economy regains its balance by the 1990s depends once again largely on the United States. On this occasion there is no need for a Marshall Plan; things are now the other way round, with the United States the world's leading debtor instead of its leading creditor. But now, as in the post-war world, there is a need, if not to create a new international financial order, at least to strengthen what still remains.

The book is admirably edited and the narrative is judicious and thoughtful. For those who like their history in snatches and mixed with the reflections of the men of tomorrow and of yesterday, it makes excellent reading. But they would enjoy it better on television.

after the Big Bang, what will happen at the merchant banks? As these words are being written, one major firm has just ceased equity market making and there have been executive changes at the highest level in another, both cases – it appears – of bankers taking over from brokers. Will the greater financial strength being developed in London, designed to match that of a Lehman Brothers or a Salomon Brothers, lead to greater functional strength? Or is the scene being set for a repetition in London of the sordid events that led to Lehman's downfall? Anyone who has worked long in the City knows well that the nature, attitudes and interests of merchant banker, of stockbroker, of stockjobber, are, often, very different – that, after all, was why X became a banker, Y a broker and Z a jobber. In the United States, in houses such as Lehman Brothers or Goldman Sachs or Merrill Lynch, the three talents have for a long time cohabited under the same roof. Now we have learned from Mr Auletta's admirable book what, under certain circumstances, the results can be.

By contrast, the story R. Foster Winans has to tell in *Trading Secrets* is one of squalid deceit, often involving only smallish sums. But Winans is not only the author; he is also the sad protagonist in his own drama, perhaps achieving a kind of catharsis in the telling, as he awaits the final outcome. But this is to get ahead of the events – which are recounted at sometimes excessive length and in implausible chunks of recalled dialogue. The trouble began when Winans, a youngish and surprisingly inexperienced reporter on the *Wall Street Journal*, entrusted with co-writing an influential stock market column called "Heard on the Street", met a seemingly highly successful stockbroker called Peter Brant. Brant's career at Kidder Peabody and his extravagant lifestyle were ruining into difficulties at the time, as stocks that he had bought for himself and clients were proving they had the ability to fall as well as to rise. Winans, however, the relatively poorly paid reporter (never more than \$31,000 per annum), was not to know this; and he himself lacked the money to buy a small house in the country with his boy friend, David Carpenter. *Fausto descendens Averni*: Winans was persuaded to tell Brant in advance about the stocks that he would be recommending for sale or purchase in his column – especially the stocks of very small companies, which could be expected to react more vigorously than those

mainly in expletives that started with the same two letters as his surname) received a bonus of \$1.6 million; bonuses between \$250,000 and \$1 million were common. Similarly, shareholdings, where the partners' capital was built up, were raised, reduced, squabbled over.

Auletta relates all this in a horribly fascinating detail; clearly, he had access to extremely good information. There is no need to repeat his story here, except to outline the simple facts: Glucksmann brutally got rid of Peterson within months of the two becoming co-chief executive officers (admittedly, Peterson walked off with a *douceur* of over \$18 million), put his own men increasingly in charge of the departments of the firm, spectacularly failed to heal the breaches he had done so much to cause, found the profitability of the firm slumping with alarming rapidity (especially on his side, the trading side), lost partners, with their capital, in unacceptable numbers, and finally fell, or was forced, into the arms of the Shearson subsidiary of American Express. Glucksmann himself, bolstered by nearly \$16 million, briefly found himself reporting to an American Express executive vice-president, before resigning to form his own financial consulting firm in New Jersey. It is worth while to quote one of Auletta's main conclusions:

The inevitable march of history is one interpretation of the events surrounding the sale of Lehman. Through the same window, others glimpse something else. They see human more than institutional culpability. To this way of thinking, what happened at Lehman is a tale of political intrigue unrivaled in Washington, of incompetence unmatched in the civil service, a sordid tale of vanity, greed, cowardice, lust for power, and a polluted, Lehman culture. These human ingredients – not a capital shortage, not impersonal market forces, not deregulated banking, not competition from financial superpowers – are what ultimately crushed an illustrious institution.

In an environment which was becoming increasingly "transactional" the cohesion of a long-term client relationship became less of a control on behaviour. When the people holding the most important jobs at Lehman became involved in the civil war, attention to the firm's clients inevitably and increasingly took a back seat.

In good times, the partners squabbled over the profits; in bad times no one would take the blame. And here, of course, one begins to ask about London. When bankers, brokers and jobbers were all separate entities with, in the main, single functions to perform, "cultural" quarrels at least were unlikely to erupt. But

Unmaking it

J. H. C. Leach

KENAULETTA
Greed and Glory on Wall Street: The fall of the house of Lehman
253pp. Penguin. Paperback, £6.95.
014 0098968
R. FOSTER WINANS
Trading Secrets: Seduction and scandal at "The Wall Street Journal"
260pp. Macmillan. £12.95.
0 333 44505 8

Once upon a time, the directors of merchant banks gave the appearance of being towering figures of farsightedness, probity and judgment, whose only thought was for the well-being of their bank, its success, its growth. Just how naive such a view was is amply demonstrated by Ken Auletta's mastery *Greed and Glory on Wall Street*, in which, with almost inhuman dispassionateness, he chronicles the spectacular and precipitate fall of Lehman Brothers in 1983 and 1984. No one could have done more than he to research his subject and to check and counter-check his sources; where discrepancies exist in people's memories, he is at pains to point them out and to try to discover how they arose. He does not put imagined words in people's mouths or imagined thoughts in their minds; his characters speak (often all too offensively) for themselves. Auletta recounts the story of the civil war at Lehman with, at times, almost the melancholy power of a Thucydides describing the fall of the Athenian Empire.

The war began with the irreconcilable differences between Peter Peterson (the banker, the man who had been in government, the man who knew everybody, the Outside man, the man who had done much to save Lehman at an earlier crisis in 1973) and the man who was, briefly, to become his co-chief executive officer, Lew Glucksmann (the trader, the Inside man, grossly overweight, jealous of bankers, the man whose division often made a high proportion of Lehman's substantial profits). Whatever Peterson did to placate Glucksmann, Glucksmann took as offensive patronage; and the split between the two men was mirrored elsewhere in the firm (on the board, among the partners) when it came to such matters as shareholdings in the firm and the allocation of bonuses. Nor were these matters trivial: in 1982, Dick Fuld (a man who, seemingly, spoke

Cautionary tales

David Pryce-Jones

EDWARD INGRAM (Editor)
National and International Politics in the Middle East: Essays in honour of Elie Kedourie
284pp. Cass. £25.
07146 32783

Few writers, let alone academics, change the climate of opinion. Elie Kedourie is one who has done so. For thirty years he has been holding up to public scrutiny what may be called the colonial period, in which the British acquired responsibilities towards other peoples, notably the Arabs. How these responsibilities were discharged is Professor Kedourie's great and abiding theme. Scrupulously he has examined previously uncharted depths in which one culture misconceives another, where illusion and guilt spawn, and the best intentions may therefore produce the worst results. Thanks to him, it is no longer possible to believe that colonialism is a *chose jugée*, or in other words that British colonial policy achieved a happy ending in handing over whole peoples to self-declared nationalists among them.

If he were a polemicist, he might be thought to be fretting over diplomats too swollen-headed or prejudiced to consider sober evidence, and radicals remaking the world in the vain image of their egos; all of whom, losing the power to hurt, become so many illustrious clowns. Instead he is at all times a humanist. His gaze is fixed in pity and horror upon the corpses of the innocent dead, who paid with their lives for the folly and pretensions of their proclaimed lords and masters, whether once British or now Arab. Unfashionably in this age, he has never found an end which justifies cruelty and bloodshed as means to achieve it.

In honour of Kedourie's sixtieth birthday, Edward Ingram has edited this festschrift. "Cautionary tales" is an apt phrase he applies to Kedourie's essays; the civilizing influence has spread to the contributors, themselves all academics. Ingram vividly uses the curious murder of an Iranian envoy in India in 1802, and British handling of the incident, to illustrate the well-founded Kedourie argument that if right can be seen to be right, appeasement only induces the wrong it is supposed to avoid. Marion C. Kent describes how the British after the First World War excluded the Italians from

a share in oil concessions as part of the spoils, a dubious policy of might being right. Bernard Lewis elegantly reviews Muslim perceptions of the West, from initial confidence, leading to imitation, ending in distress. Westernization of Ottoman bureaucracy is Roderic H. Davison's subject. Three essays are devoted to the period of the Sharifian revolt. William L. Cleveland shows how the Ottomans and the Sharifians both claimed to be defenders of the true Islam, each accusing the other of selling out to unbelievers, in one case German. In the other British. A truly Kedourian portrait of British bureaucratic muddle during the First World War is given by John S. Galbraith and Robert A. Huttenback. Joseph Kostiner describes how the British subsidies to the Sherif Hussein and his family were used to mobilize a tribal confederacy, and nothing more.

Studies follow of the Wafd Party (by James Jankowski) and its reluctance to take up issues not directly Egyptian; and of Saudi Arabian education (by Mordecai Abiri). Francis R. Nicosia has written a succinct account of Fritz Grobba, in Hitler's day the most influential German in the Middle East. Rudolph Peters summarizes the Islamic movements and their purposes in contemporary Egypt. Convincingly, Mary C. Wilson puts forward the proposition that the incorporation of Palestinian land and people into Jordan in 1948 brought that rather artificial state into the international arena, and proved to be the factor ensuring the otherwise unlikely survival of its ruling dynasty. In perhaps his most celebrated essay, "The Chatham House Version", Kedourie once and for all exposed and demolished the view of Arab-British relations expounded by A. J. Toynbee and others, whereby the British were all wrong and must make the fullest possible amends to wholly right and righteous Arabs. Using unpublished material from Toynbee's papers, Gordon Martel reveals the man's altogether unbalancing sense of self-importance.

Progress is not the simple thing once imagined. The Arab nationalist world has proved much more brutal than the colonialist world which brought it into being. Offering insights into how this came to happen, a collection like this is valuable; only a short generation ago, it would have seemed almost inconceivable. It is the measure of Kedourie's originality and success that Middle East politics and history can now be discussed in the light of reality, however bitter.

Rocking the ark

Bernard Wasserstein

CLIVE SINCLAIR
Diaspora Blues: A view of Israel
215pp. Heinemann. £11.95.
0 434 70315 X

Clive Sinclair calls *Diaspora Blues: A view of Israel* a "companion volume" to his novel, *Blood Libels* (reviewed in the TLS of September 13, 1985), which engages similar issues. Here he explores the tangled, ambivalent relationship between liberal Jewish intellectuals in the diaspora and the State of Israel, if often in rather self-indulgent fashion. Rather than sustained argument, he offers us a lucky dip of autobiographical musings, bookish ruminations, often quite funny anecdotes, transcripts of interviews with Israeli intellectuals, and a bestiary of zoological images. The picture on the jacket, Yosi Bergner's "Ship of Fools", was chosen by Sinclair to point to a central theme of the book: it depicts a Noah's ark of crocodiles, donkeys and other unidentifiable but unattractive fauna, with a winged creature (angel? dragonfly?) hovering Chagall-style above the prow. Is the vessel, as Sinclair suggests, the "Good Ship Israel", beset by dissension among the crew and threatened by pirates? Or are the creatures aboard the ark the Jews of the diaspora being ushered by an Israeli dove to the safety of dry land? No doubt the ambiguity is deliberate – and it is certainly thought-provoking.

Sinclair writes arrestingly, and grapples with some difficult questions. What should Jews in the diaspora feel, let alone do, about Israeli politics? How should liberal Zionists outside

Israel relate to their peers in the Peace Now movement? Does the intellectual have a particular role or responsibility in these matters? Sinclair is well equipped to tackle these problems. As literary editor of the *Jewish Chronicle*, it is his thankless job to mediate between a still surprisingly effervescent Anglo-Jewish cultural world (for evidence see the lively pages of the *Jewish Quarterly*) and a depressingly philistine Jewish communal establishment. The current intellectual climate in England (different in this regard from the United States) is an increasingly uncomfortable one for people like Sinclair. *Bien-pensant* anti-Zionism (as expressed, for example, in recent issues of the *London Review of Books*) has attained such general acceptability that gutter-language passes for legitimate argument, while the slightest objection raises howls about alleged Jewish interference with freedom of expression.

There is still a case to be made for the non-colonial, non-aggressive, humanistic (and chosen by Sinclair to point to a central theme of the book: it depicts a Noah's ark of crocodiles, donkeys and other unidentifiable but unattractive fauna, with a winged creature (angel? dragonfly?) hovering Chagall-style above the prow. Is the vessel, as Sinclair suggests, the "Good Ship Israel", beset by dissension among the crew and threatened by pirates? Or are the creatures aboard the ark the Jews of the diaspora being ushered by an Israeli dove to the safety of dry land? No doubt the ambiguity is deliberate – and it is certainly thought-provoking.

Sinclair writes arrestingly, and grapples with some difficult questions. What should Jews in the diaspora feel, let alone do, about Israeli politics? How should liberal Zionists outside

Right on both sides

C. M. Woodhouse

ROBIN HIGHAM
Diary of a Disaster: British aid to Greece, 1940–1941
269pp. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press. £24.50.
08131 15647
EVANGELOS AVEROFF-TOSSIZZA
Lost Opportunities: The Cyprus question, 1950–1963
440pp. Aristide D. Caratzas, PO Box 210, 481 Main Street, New Rochelle, NY 10802. \$30.
0892413891
JOHN REDDaway
Burdened with Cyprus: The British connection, 1937pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £14.95.
0 297 791206

The "special relationship" between Britain and Greece has been subjected to many stresses in the past half century: the affair of the Elgin Marbles is only the latest symptom. The titles of these three books diagnose much more serious cases: the "disaster" of the campaign of 1941; and the "lost opportunities" and the "burden" of the Cyprus Question from 1950. Their diagnoses are sad but fair; yet somehow the "special relationship" continues through thick and thin.

Robin Higham, an American historian, argues that the British expeditionary force to Greece (in fact, chiefly Anzac and Polish) was doomed from the start. One group of planners at GHQ Middle East was already preparing its evacuation while another group was still busy sending it there. Why then was it ever sent? Churchill and Eden had two motives: a political anxiety to fulfil the guarantee given to Greece in 1939, and a military hope that a foothold could be regained in Europe. But why did Wavell, the Commander-in-Chief, support the military delusion? The answer emerges from a detailed examination, in diary form, of what was said and done over six months in London, Athens, Cairo, Ankara, Belgrade, Sydney and Wellington. Professor Higham concludes that Wavell, a "master of deception", was really deceiving his superiors, uneducated as they were in modern warfare. If the Germans had invaded Greece, as he expected, in early March, 1941, instead of a month later, the expeditionary force would have been landed before it would have had to be evacuated. Thus political honour would have been satisfied at minimal military cost.

This is not to deny the contribution of sheer confusion and mismanagement, which are well illustrated by Higham's impressionistic style. He gives a convincing account of the misunderstandings over the formation of the so-called "Aiakon Line", for which he rightly blames Eden and the British generals, though he is perhaps over-generous in acquitting General Papagos, the Greek Commander-in-Chief, of all error. There is something symbolic about the picture of Wavell, at the height of the crisis, sitting in the British embassy reading *Alice in Wonderland*.

Ten years later Britain and Greece were involved in another disaster which was more avoidable. Both the Greek ex-Minister, Evangelos Averoff, and the British ex-Administrator, John Reddaway, were participants in the history of the Cyprus Question. Each presents a skilful and persuasive account of his national point of view. There seems to be no way of deciding between them except by the toss of a coin. But history, instead, imposed a forcible judgment of Solomon – partition.

Fortuitously published at the same time, the two books supplement each other and should be read together. Between them, they greatly enlarge the scope for serious discussion, particularly as each of them is based on copious new documentation. But they cannot be regarded as thesis and antithesis, because they rarely meet head-on, and no synthesis can be elicited from them, even when they seem to be discussing the same point. Both writers, for example, carefully analyse the crucial article in the Treaty of Guarantee (1960), which defined the responsibilities of the three guaranteeing powers if the constitutional settlement of Cyprus broke down. Britain, Greece and Turkey would first "consult together", and if they could not agree what to do, then each reserved the right "to take action with the sole aim of

re-establishing the state of affairs created by the present Treaty". Averoff's analysis is confined to arguing that this did not entitle the Turks to invade the island in 1974. Reddaway's analysis is confined to the right of the British, having duly "consulted" without success, to do nothing more. In legal terms, both are probably right. But in that case, why was the treaty called a "Treaty of Guarantee"?

The fact that the arguments of the two sides can neither refute each other nor be reconciled suggests that the quest for a solution in Cyprus was just as foredoomed to disaster as the Greek campaign of 1941. So it seemed as long ago as 1950, when the Greeks would accept no solution which excluded *enosis* (union with Greece) and the Turks would accept none which did not exclude it. At that date, Averoff could argue that the Turks had no legal standing in the matter anyway; but Reddaway could have argued that the Greeks had none either. Both were right, until the issue was foolishly brought before the United Nations.

Where the two authors come nearest to agreement is in a grudging admiration of the skill and stubbornness with which the Turks established their *locus standi* in the affair. At first they relied on the British to make their case for them, but once the British showed signs of weakening under Greek pressure, they took matters vigorously into their own hands. Here again the role of Eden was crucial. Reddaway quotes him as saying that *enosis* was ruled out by the need to understand and accept the Turkish position. Averoff quotes his painful interview in 1953 with Papagos (by then Prime Minister of Greece), at which Eden refused to acknowledge the existence of a Cyprus Question. But after Eden left the scene, the Turks saw that they would have to look after their own interests. That they would do so with such effect must have seemed very improbable in 1950. How it happened is the theme of Averoff's catalogue of "lost opportunities". The British, as Reddaway's title hints, became sick of being "burdened with Cyprus". No one but the Turks can be at all proud of the outcome.

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PENNSYLVANIA STATE
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Professional antipathies

Simon Lee

CLIVE UNSWORTH
The Politics of Mental Health Legislation
374pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £35.
0198255128

Ignorance leads to fear which leads to antipathy. This has been the pattern of discrimination against many minorities and it certainly applies to the history of society's reaction to the mentally ill. This least glamorous of disadvantaged groups none the less has its champions, who include, among others, both psychiatrists and lawyers. Yet these helpers have themselves been ignorant of each other's discipline, which has in turn led to fear and antipathy between them. They have viewed each other as rivals rather than as colleagues. As Clive Unsworth observes, "the legal position is liable to attack from the medical perspective for insensitively subjecting the insane to procedural ordeals designed for the sane, and medical from the legal for presumptuously imposing its ministrations upon the resistant". Unsworth sets out to trace the history of mental health legislation in Britain over the past hundred years. He succeeds in charting the rise, fall and resurrection of "legalism" as regards the protection of the mentally ill and in explaining this in terms of changes in the wider political and intellectual climate.

There are many strengths but perhaps two weaknesses in his book. First, the fact that the mentally ill themselves never really feature at all in Unsworth's study detracts from the analysis. Since their lives under the varying legal and medical regimes are not adequately reported, the reader has no basis upon which to evaluate the competing philosophies. Second, the story of how the most recent legislation, the Mental Health (Amendment) Act 1982 and the Mental Health Act 1983, arrived on the statute book is not covered in sufficient depth. The reason for this is that Unsworth's ambitious, multi-layered study has its origins in a doctoral thesis started in the 1970s when the author wisely anticipated that legislative changes were on the way.

We must therefore await Larry Gostin's memoirs for the inside story of the politics of mental health legislation in the 1980s. Gostin is the American civil liberties lawyer who became the legal director of MIND, the pressure group which works for the mentally ill. He orchestrated MIND's campaign to change the law, organizing legal representation for the mentally ill and initiating test cases which culminated in victory in Strasbourg at the European Court of Human Rights. This in turn spurred the British government into implementing proposals which already owed much to Gostin's influence and MIND ensured that the legislation received cross-party support. A book could and should be written on the detail of such successful politicking for a good cause. How exactly did MIND lobby MPs, Ministers and civil servants? How influential was its recourse to the European Convention on Human Rights? Why did Gostin succeed at MIND but fail when he attempted similarly to mobilize cross-party support at the National Council for Civil Liberties?

But the strength of Unsworth's book lies in a different focus. He illuminates our understanding of law, showing us how it looks to unbelievers (medics) as well as to the faithful (lawyers). He dubs law at its best the new legalism and law at its worst the old legalism. While lawyers think of legalism as "the ideology of entitlement", to use Gostin's felicitous phrase, anti-lawyers view legalism in the context of the mentally ill as "piling safeguard upon safeguard, to protect the sane against illegal detention, delaying certification and treatment until the person genuinely in need of care was obviously (and probably incurably) insane". Unsworth explores this curious contrast between law's reputation as a "mechanism for supplying liberty with some degree of concrete definition" and its "reputation for conservatism, elitism, archaism and mystification".

Moreover, he places law's fluctuating reputation within the broader perspective of changing political ideology. Thus the liberalizing legislation (and the reason why Gostin was perhaps pushing against an opening door) can

be explained by the emphasis on liberty in the politics of the 1980s: "The parallel revival of liberalism in the two major parties has enabled a new consensus on the direction of mental health legislation to be built around the new legalism". On the right, the case can be put in terms of legal safeguards acting as "a detraction from the power of welfare state professionals in favour of the liberty of the individual", on the left as "shoring up the position of a particularly helpless and neglected section of the oppressed. MIND skilfully maintained this political ambiguity and support for the rights campaign was forthcoming from across the political spectrum, including Harvey Proctor on the right of the Conservative Party and Michael Meacher on the left of the Labour Party."

Law and medicine have a common interest in a number of dilemmas currently awaiting government attention, such as the rights of the mentally handicapped, who are not to be confused with the mentally ill. The recent publicity on sterilizing and aborting the mentally handicapped suggests that legalism will have to be evaluated and perhaps utilized in this context. So we need lawyers and medics to understand each other's perspective. Unsworth has given us a lead in explaining both the acceptable and the unacceptable faces of legalism. We need also to know why some campaigns for reform of our civil liberties succeed and some fail, why some capture the spirit of the times or even change the spirit, while others flounder.

Clive Unsworth is too pessimistic in concluding that "The study of the past teaches us that it is difficult to predict the future of mental health legislation." On the contrary, his own study of the past provides us with insights which must help us to build a better future.

Cause for suspicion

David Pannick

PHIL SCRATON and KATHRYN CHADWICK
In the Arms of the Law: Coroners' inquests and deaths in custody
192pp. Pluto. Paperback, £4.95.
0745302440

As anyone with experience of litigating fatal accidents claims will confirm, British law is not at its best in dealing with death. The jurisdiction of the coroner further demonstrates legal unease at providing comfort to the bereaved. The law is intelligent enough to know that something has to be done to investigate the death of a person in unusual circumstances, but is sufficiently human to find difficulty in knowing what to say and how to say it on such an occasion.

The duties of the coroner include the holding of inquests, in particular when he is informed that the dead body of a person is within his jurisdiction, and there is reasonable cause to suspect that the person has died a violent or unnatural death, or a sudden death for which the cause is unknown, or has died in prison. Contrary to popular misconception, the coroner's court does not determine legal liability, civil or criminal, for the death. Its role is to find the facts. This is an important function, not least because the inquest often provides the only opportunity for the family and friends of the deceased to find out how and why the death occurred.

Phil Scraton and Kathryn Chadwick "are not presenting a definitive account of coronership". They have three main concerns. First, to explain the legal inadequacy of the procedure adopted in the coroner's court. Second, to suggest necessary reforms. Third, to make political points about the nature and scope of the jurisdiction of the coroner. In particular its implications for deaths in custody.

It is impossible to reconcile the coroner's court with any conception of natural justice to the representatives of the deceased. The coroner selects the evidence which he considers to be relevant and decides who should be called as a witness. Although the interested parties can cross-examine the coroner's witnesses after he has taken them through their evidence, those parties have no right to make a speech summarizing the evidence before the coroner (or the jury) considers the verdict.

Reforming zeals

Tom Campbell

VICTOR BAILEY
Delinquency and Citizenship: Reclaiming the young offender, 1914-1948
352pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £30.
0198266640

Twentieth-century transformations in the treatment of juvenile offenders in Britain have been striking in their range and extent. From the Children Act (1908) which introduced Juvenile Courts to England and Wales for all children under sixteen, to the Criminal Justice Act (1948) which abolished corporal punishment, and the Children and Young Persons Act (1969) which sought to extend the welfare approach to juvenile offenders, the movement has been, in fits and starts, towards specialist treatment based on individually assessed needs. This book takes up the story with the emergence of Juvenile Courts and the probation service after the Liberal victory of 1906 and concludes with the measures taken to find alternatives to prison in dealing with the rapid rise in delinquency during the Second World War.

The thesis of the book is that the inter-war developments in social policy with respect to juvenile offenders are to be seen as part of the general emergence of the Welfare State, and that the ideological origins of welfare provisions are an embodiment of the philosophy of progressive liberal reformers rather than the enforcement of social control by a conspiratorial ruling elite. What emerges is a detailed and complex account of the proposals and arguments deployed in the formulation of policy within the Home Office Children's Branch and

There is no legal aid to pay for legal representation in this context. At all stages of the procedure, the coroner possesses and exercises a broad range of discretionary powers. The recommendations of independent Committees as to necessary reforms to this patently unfair process have been largely ignored.

The coroner's court needs to be transformed into a more open public inquiry in which interested parties are eligible for legal aid, are provided with access to all documentary evidence, are able to call their witnesses and are given the opportunity to make a closing speech. In particularly complex or sensitive cases, a High Court judge should have jurisdiction over the inquest.

All of this is well argued by the authors. More controversial are the political implications they derive from the law relating to coroners. "The recent series of suspicious deaths, either in custody or involving the police, has", they suggest by reference to the cases of Jimmy Kelly, Blair Peach and Liddle Towers, among others, "placed the role and function of coroners high on the civil rights agenda." Scraton and Chadwick are concerned that there is a "special relationship" between the coroner and the local police, "raising the possibility of bias". Moreover, the way in which the coroner exercises his powers is of increasing importance, they contend, because "the growing use of excessive force by the police... [and] the shift towards the militarization of the police" are likely to lead to "an increase in controversial deaths involving the police".

This is an uneven book. There is almost nothing about the important powers of the Divisional Court to grant judicial review of irrational, illegal or procedurally unfair decisions by coroners. The polemical chapter on the deaths of women in custody ("all women are potentially in danger in prison given the stress and tension placed on them as criminal women by the policies and practices adopted in women's prisons") might have had more relevance to another work. Too many of the political propositions are asserted as self-evident truths which do not need the support of evidence or rational argument. But none of that can disguise the fact that, for the reasons given by the authors, we should take the necessary steps to bring the life of the existing coroner's court peacefully to a close. Few will mourn its passing.

the Prison Commission, and the ideas and influence of voluntary organizations, such as the Howard League for Penal Reform and the staffs of the courts and services involved.

Interesting and informative as Victor Bailey's account undoubtedly is, it hardly begins to deal with the general contention that the adoption, pace and evaluation of reforms depended crucially on the political elite's perception of the need for effective social control and the propagation of a disciplined workforce. However, whatever ideological interpretations are placed on the material presented, there is here a mine of fascinating insights into the mentality of the penal reformers which more than justifies the claim that they were, on the whole, humane and progressive people, and that some of those involved in the practical implementation of the policies were visionaries with great moral and religious commitment to their self-appointed task of reclaiming the young offender.

Central to much of the book is the history of the development of Borstal institutions from the harsh and penal régime developed under E. Ruggles-Brise, Chairman of the Prison Commission from 1895 to 1921, to the model of the working lads' version of the English public school pioneered under the inspirational leadership of Alec Paterson. Paterson sought to remove "the causes which turn lusty boys into weaklings, and sap the country of hardy rank and file" by removing them from their inadequate homes to a caring environment which would impart, by example and education, the skills, aspirations and self-discipline which would fit the boys for useful occupations. Like other reformers of the time, Paterson combined the evangelical enthusiasm which gave rise to the planting of University Settlements "across the bridges", with a positivistic theory of crime according to which the "causes" of crime are environmental factors such as unemployment, poverty and the disruption of family life, rather than the moral weaknesses of individual boys. The high point of this approach was the development of the "open" Borstals in which such remarkable figures as the Eton and Oxford-educated army officer, Bill Llewellyn, practised his Christian faith by sharing the hardships of the rigorous outdoor life endured by the Borstal boys at Lowdown village, North Sea Camp and Usk. Clearly a system which owed its success to such individual commitment could not always live up to its ideals, something which Paterson failed to appreciate when he fought for extending the role of long-term institutional care in Borstals rather than shorter periods of detention in more penal establishments. Also well documented are the powerful contributions of such people as Margery Fry of the Howard League, whose advocacy, in the 1920s, of a balanced consideration of the needs and the rights of delinquent children has an impressively modern ring, and Geraldine Cadbury, whose work in the Birmingham juvenile court in the same period established an individualized treatment approach for others to follow.

Bailey has done us a service in documenting the principled and scientific position from which the advocates of reform in juvenile justice worked between the wars. Since then we have made few theoretical advances and lost something of the missionary optimism of such early reformers, although we have witnessed the remarkable development of the welfare-oriented Children's Hearing system north of the border following the Social Work (Scotland) Act 1968.

Perhaps because of the nature of its meticulously researched sources and its concentration on Home Office committees and government papers and reports, *Delinquency and Citizenship* has something of the less than fully critical flavour of an official history. More emphasis on the experiences of juvenile offenders, including those of Borstal boys and girls, and the reality of the conditions under which young people in trouble were held in prison on remand and subjected to humiliating and barbaric physical and emotional stresses in other ostensibly more benign institutions, might have presented a less sanguine picture.

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A kind of innocence

Frank Tuohy

DONALD RICHIE
The Inland Sea
488pp. Century. Paperback, £4.95.
0712695753

Donald Richie's *The Inland Sea* first came out in Japan and America over a dozen years ago. It is a highly individual account by a writer known best for his pioneering studies of the Japanese cinema, notably his books on Ozu and Kurosawa. The "inland sea" of the title is the body of water that lies between three of Japan's four big islands, Honshu, Shikoku and Kyushu. It contains an enormous number of smaller islands, some mere rocks decorated with picturesquely twisted pine-trees, others supporting agricultural and fishing communities. For the Japanese, the area is celebrated as the scene of half-legendary wars between Heike and Genji warrior clans. For Westerners, only one place-name will be familiar: Hiroshima.

The Inland Sea would not do as a guide-book today. Too much has changed since Richie made his first trip in the early 1960s: there is pollution, there is even a bridge to Shikoku, most secret of the large islands. But his speciality is in human relationships. Modern Japan is difficult to get into focus. Random statistics fail to communicate: does an extra twenty years of life for the old (the expectation for women is over eighty years) or an extra ten inches of stature for the young (according to the Ministry of Education) indicate a change in human nature? It seems unlikely.

Richie's observations seem just as true now

as when they were first made: "I asked the girl if the shrine was old. Oh, that she didn't know. . . . It is considered seemly for a young girl to know nothing at all." Later, "the women can't think of anything to say. Talking to men, that is the role of the geisha, the bar hostess. It is not the role of well brought-up Japanese women." And, magisterially,

the Japanese always think us younger than we are. That is because they are all so young . . . they have no conscience, maybe, there is no cynicism and no corollary of disillusion. Appearances are reality, the mask is literally the face, and the cynic can find no tell-tale gap because none exists. The result is a kind of innocence, in our eyes at any rate.

A kind of innocence - that is the theme of *The Inland Sea*. Like the rest of us, this observer is intensely conscious of his difference from those about him, of the fact that he is always under scrutiny. All the more because his book is also an investigation into his own sexual identity. Here is no "gentleman in the parlour" but someone who tells us that "part of my quest is devoted to seducing the natives . . . I want to take without hurting, I tell myself. This is not, however, true. I want to be given." But his fantasies include "torn schoolgirl uniform, thighs immodestly up in the air, cries for mercy etc." Humbert Humbert goes to Japan?

Hardly, because most of Richie's encounters turn out to be hilariously off-beat. There is the bar girl who identifies with, of all people, Elizabeth Barrett Browning - who was, in her eyes, a suffering geisha-like figure, endlessly the victim of men. There is the boy Saburo, who requires detailed descriptions of female genitalia, of which he has an imprecise conception. Such confidence and such outbursts of candour are a common aspect of encounters

Eating bitterness

Della Davin

MARK SALZMAN
Iron and Silk: Encounters with martial artists, bureaucrats and other citizens of contemporary China
212pp. Hamish Hamilton. £10.95.
0241120802

Travelling on an overcrowded local train in China, Mark Salzman is puzzled that the men squatting opposite seem unimpressed by him. He has been in China long enough to develop some defences and when he takes a train he usually prefers not to reveal that he speaks Chinese. He has grown tired of answering the endless friendly questions about nationality, height, wage and salary commonly addressed to stray foreigners. But this time it is Salzman who becomes curious about the two men who have so much on their minds that he does not interest them. In answer to his questions, they explain that they have just been released from a corrective labour camp where they had been

Yakking away

Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf

PETER SOMERVILLE-LARGE
To the Navel of the World: Yaks and unheroic travels in Nepal and Tibet
225pp. Hamish Hamilton. £12.95.
0341121086

Nepal is one of the most beautiful countries of Asia and those who had the good fortune of walking through its length and breadth before jet-planes dumped thousands of tourists at Kathmandu will cherish their experience for the rest of their lives. Unfortunately the sudden fame of Nepal has led to the publication of countless books dealing almost exclusively with the tourist image of this Himalayan state and telling the reader little of its cultural treasures. Peter Somerville-Large's book begins with a sketch of the foibles and the fame, but supposedly amusing, conversation of the present multi-national tourist society of Kathmandu, while such Nepalese as appear in the chapter are looked upon as figures of fun. In these

days people of Third World countries expect to be treated with respect and understanding - and such humour is embarrassing.

As yaks form part of the book's subtitle one would expect a serious account of these animals' important role in the Himalayan economy rather than endless amusing stories about them. Those of us who have travelled with yaks for many months in such regions as Dolpo, Mustang, Humla and Khumbu had no awkward or funny experiences similar to those related by the author, and even his description of these attractive and immensely useful animals is far from correct, as when he writes: "a pair of yaks were pulling a plough. . . . Ploughing with yaks was a relatively recent innovation yoked animals is a relatively recent innovation in these parts, and until the 1930s all ploughing was done by men. As late as 1937 the anthropologist von Fürer-Haimendorf saw teams of four men dragging ploughs across fields." In fact the said anthropologist did not enter Nepal until 1953, when he also visited Khumbu and took the photograph of "a plough drawn by a team of men" published later in his book *The Sherpas of Nepal* (1964).

Much of the confusion regarding yaks was created by the author's idea of making a jour-



Baron von Sillfried's photograph entitled "Toilete" is reproduced from *Once Upon a Time: Visions of old Japan*, with photographs by Felice Beato and Baron Rainald von Sillfried and the words of Pierre Loti, translated by Linda Coverdale (112pp. Oxford: Phaidon. £27.50. 0913919075).

which must have been memorable on both sides: in the enclosed world of the Japanese village, a meeting with a sympathetic foreigner who spoke one's language would have been unforgettable; the sexual aspect would be conveniently forgotten. The only embarrassment might be the reader's. This only surfaces on one occasion, when Richie meets his own wife who, by a curious chance, turns up on an island he is visiting.

The Inland Sea, then, is a portrait of a personality, and perhaps it is the personality, not the young people he meets on his way, that belongs to the past. Today the foreigner out to seduce would be seen, whatever his proclivities, as a carrier of disease. As a record of a time that has gone, as well as a celebration of things that are unlikely to change, this book earns its place on the very short shelf of books on Japan that are of permanent value.

the great virtues are control, self-discipline and hard work. The terminology is oddly reminiscent of Mao's China and indeed of its Confucian past, but the ideals are different. Communists undertook to "eat bitterness" or to suffer, in order to bring about a new society. In the world of martial arts, sacrifices and suffering are accepted so that the individual may excel and may achieve ever-greater feats. Pan accepts Salzman as a pupil because the American undertakes to "eat bitterness", or endure pain in his training.

Those with little interest in this self-cultivation may prefer the softer face of the book. Salzman excels in the spare narration of episodes which are simple but telling. He offers perceptive little sketches of his students, one so shy that she sat through classes with her head buried in her hands, and of the friends he made, among them a family of fishermen who offered to provide him with a boat to live on if he would stay with them. Since Westerners generally find much to amuse them in the strange ways of the Chinese, it is good to hear a joke made by a Chinese at our expense. When

Salzman asked his calligraphy teacher if it was true that mandarin ducks remained faithful to their chosen mates for a lifetime, he was told, "Yes, but I've heard that if you take them to America, they ask for a divorce within a few months."

Even Salzman's farewell to China involved an encounter with contrasting extremes of official obduracy and kindness. Railway inspectors tried to stop him boarding the train for Hong Kong with five swords, four sabres, a staff, a halberd, two hooked swords, some knives and a nine-section whip in his luggage. (He did have the requisite papers for them.) As he paced the station platform wondering what to do, he bumped into a policeman whom he had met a year before. The policeman returned with him to the officials and talked to them diplomatically for over an hour. Eventually Salzman gave them a demonstration of martial arts provoking such chaos that the officials gladly rid themselves of him and his weaponry. The good-natured policeman helped him carry his bags on to the train and sat with him until it pulled out of the station.

Festival at Kailas and Lake Manasarovar does demonstrate the author's ability to analyse the remnants of Buddhist culture and to give a colourful description of the religious aspects of Tibetan life in areas where the Chinese presence is relatively unobtrusive.

Somerville-Large and his companion took the route via Taklakot to the Nepalese border post of Yari and from there descended into the valley of the Humla Karnali, which I remember as one of the most magnificent forest sceneries in the whole of Nepal. It would be unfair not to mention Caroline Blunden's excellent photographs; one only regrets that they are not in colour.

Delhi and Agra, a Traveller's Companion selected and introduced by Michael Alexandre (287pp. Constable. £12.95. 0 09 466550 8) is primarily a topographical anthology with quotations from diaries, memoirs and contemporary travellers and inhabitants of the areas covered; included is Tamerlane's own account of the sack of Delhi in 1398, a witness descriptions of elephant fights, *sata* and nautch dancing as well as reports from both sides during the Indian Mutiny.

A woman's march

Hilary Spurling

ETHEL SMYTH
The Memoirs of Ethel Smyth
Edited by Ronald Crichton
393pp. Viking. £16.95.
0670 806552

Ethel Smyth describes herself, as a ribald small girl, bursting into the drawing-room to find that her eldest sister had fainted after a proposal, and was being revived with smelling salts by their mother. This sister, born in the middle of the nineteenth century, felt herself still part of the world of Jane Austen. Ethel, who prided herself on belonging to a younger, sterner and more cynical generation, never forgot the spectacle for allowed her sister to forget it for that matter), remaining by all accounts to the end of her days at heart a kind of Just William.

Her attitude to women was gruff, bluff and chivalrous. She herself preferred to operate on an altogether more heroic scale, relating with admiration the exploit of another sister Violet — "she was more emphatically feminine, I think, than any of my sisters" — who saw a bulldog fasten its teeth in another dog's throat and succeeded, where strong men failed, in prising its jaws apart by biting the bulldog till it bled. Violence — "one of the most attractive, the most lovable symptoms of intense vitality" — was the quality Ethel prized most highly in her friends. She was no slouch in that line herself, but reckoned to have met her match in the Empress Eugénie ("I think none can ever have had greater natural violence of temper than the Empress"), who once hailed the athletic young Ethel bodily out of the room in a passion. She met another in Lady Ponsonby, said to be the only woman feared by Queen Victoria. "Not bad for eighty-two," said Lady Ponsonby, complacently inviting her young admirer to feel her biceps. "When I got back, Ethel had been gone half an hour," wrote a Ponsonby daughter, "and the house was still ruckin'."

These memoirs are punctuated by the sound of slamming doors and splintering wood. Ethel was forbidden to use the front door in at least two of her friends' houses (one was Lambeth Palace), and had to be smuggled in by the backstairs, for fear of upsetting the head of the household. Her own father had very nearly kicked in her door, when at nineteen she locked herself in her bedroom in protest against his refusal to let her study music. Major-General Smyth, who loathed all artists as deeply as he mistrusted radicals, had never attended a concert in his life and declared he would sooner see his daughter walk this streets than take up a musical career.

In the 1870s this was, of course, absolutely normal. It was Ethel's attitude that was odd; and it speaks well for her father that, when she won hands down — packing herself off alone and unchaperoned to pick up some sort of tuition on spec in Leipzig — the two afterwards got on famously. They were strikingly similar; brusque, hasty, choleric, vastly energetic and formidably intolerant of people or points of view that clashed with their own.

Ethel in later life inclined, like her father, to treat whole sections of the male sex as effete, incompetent ninnies. Some resisted her manfully, others preferred headlong flight. The Intendant of the Dresden Opera House, asked if he knew her, replied that he "did indeed know Miss Ethel Smyth, and that if he spied her walking in the streets of Dresden, he would leap into a droschky and leave the town by the next train". A few years later at Leipzig, she was so incensed by the director's cuts in one of her operas, that she withdrew the work after the first night by the simple expedient of removing all the parts from the orchestra desks, and carrying them off with her on the next train to Prague.

What made opera directors shake in their shoes was the same indomitable quality that had once touched the hearts of tough old ladies at court, and, half a century later, alternately disarmed and infuriated Virginia Woolf. Knockabout visits from Ethel Smyth became something of a running gag in later volumes of Virginia Woolf's *Diaries*, and anyone who first met her in those pages as a jaunty, ruffled, red-faced, impudent old battleaxe — a port of

bludgeoning Punch to Virginia's Judy — will find the other side of her portrait in these remarkable *Memoirs*. Ethel Smyth was twenty-four years older than Virginia Woolf. Born in an era when girls got nowhere except by a judicious combination of marriage and manipulation, she prospered by behaving — and expecting other people to treat her — at times as an honorary male. So far as men were concerned, she had nothing of the flirt in her nature. Invited to dine before the First World War with the German Chancellor (a meal at which the Emperor himself was expected to drop in impromptu), she arranged to come on straight from the golf course, having taken the precaution of getting her hair fixed beforehand by a hairdresser, "the erections of professional being as a rule solid and likely to look better, in spite of the ravages of wind and bunker-thumping, than the hasty improvisations of an amateur".

If her relations with men were businesslike at best, she reserved tenderness and gallantry for her own sex, embarking early on a series of passionate friendships with remarkable women of whom Virginia Woolf was the last. Her *March of the Women* was played on organ and cornet at a suffragette rally in the Albert Hall in 1911. For two years she devoted herself to fighting under Mrs Pankhurst's command with such exuberance that any professional success in the musical field ever afterwards counted for her as a victory for women's suffrage. Getting her music performed in German opera-houses — always uphill work — became a matter not simply of feminism but, as tension rose between England and Germany, of patriotism as well ("the joy of battle now possessed me... and also a fierce desire that England should win in the end!").

She had always conducted her career like a military campaign, laying siege to managements, enlisting patrons, methodically roping in anyone likely to help with promotion, from royalty downwards (the first public performance of a Smyth composition was given by Ethel herself, rendering all parts including trumpet and chorus, before the Queen and her court at Balmoral). Her taste belonged very much to her own times: anti-Wagnerian, with a strong predilection for Grieg, Brahms and Tchaikovsky, and little apparent use for subsequent developments (Gustav Mahler at Vienna figures in these memoirs solely in his capacity as a potential impresario). It is not easy to hear any of her music today, and Ronald Crichton in his preface puts forward no great claims for it. But he could hardly have served her better, as a writer, than in this admirable abridgement based on ten original volumes of reminiscences, travel and what people in those days called jottings. The new, streamlined *Memoirs*, which make up in structure what they lack in prolixity and repetition, are sharp, pithy, vigorous, shrewdly observant and entertaining.

Bespoke boyhood

Andrew Hislop

TERENCE STAMP
Stamp Album
202pp. Bloomsbury. £11.95.
07475 00320

"You can tell a lot about a woman from her book", writes Terence Stamp in his memoir of his working-class upbringing in the East End, *Stamp Album*. "Book" refers here, however, not to rival female authorial output but (with uncertain etymology — bookend = friend?) to "the kind of guys that women choose". *Stamp Album* is also a book which tells us a lot about its man — or rather its boy, since there is almost no reference to Stamp's later fame and fortune as an actor. It is a remarkably detailed recollection of his early years. His literary return to his roots is accompanied by a selection of appropriate linguistic throwbacks which gives us a feel of period and place: "It's not every guy whose first bespoke is a virther" he says of his initiation into the delights of a tailored suit which marked a step up from trying "like one of his local heroes, to dress like Dean Martin."

Correspondent worth citing

Isabel Colegate

GEORGIANA BLAKISTON (Editor)
Letters of Conrad Russell 1897-1947
278pp. Murray. £16.95.
07195 43827

Loneliness and an affectionate nature, a philosophical turn of mind and a private income, a wide curiosity, an absence of domestic encumbrances: these are the preconditions which produced such admirable letter-writers as William Cowper and Edward Fitzgerald. They also apply to Conrad Russell. He was born in 1878, the son of Lord Arthur Russell, who was the brother of the ninth Duke of Bedford, and his French wife. Tall and remarkably good-looking but physically awkward, he had a humorous simplicity of character which from his Oxford days onward endeared him to a great number of his contemporaries. In his later life he became a prolific letter-writer, and in particular he wrote to the beautiful women whose friendship meant most to him. Of these the first was Katharine Horner, who had married his greatest friend, Raymond Asquith, the second was Diana Cooper whose vitality and charm enormously brightened his middle years, and the third was the then Lady Weymouth, whose wit and high spirits enchanted him when they became friends at the beginning of the Second World War.

Having failed to distinguish himself academically at Balliol, Russell worked for a time as private secretary to Joseph Chamberlain at the Colonial Office, and in 1907 went to New York to work in Barings Bank for six months. There he heard of Raymond Asquith's engagement. "It is dreadful to think I can't dine with him again without that dull white-faced girl with a face like a rabbit sitting opposite. I can't believe I shall ever like her; and I know she won't like me." Back in England and working for a stock-jobber in the City, he overcame his aversion on finding that his friend's wife was a fellow ornithologist.

Russell was thirty-six when the First World War broke out. He was sent to France with the Bedfordshire Yeomanry in 1915. Many of his friends, including Raymond Asquith and Katharine's brother, Edward Horner, were killed in the war, every moment of which Russell hated. In 1917, when he was on leave, he asked Katharine Asquith to marry him; she replied that she would never marry again. After the war, he found himself unable to settle back into life in the City. He took up farming in Sussex, and at the same time renewed his social life, staying with friends in various country houses. There are some nice period touches in the letters. "The girls are all alike here", he writes to Katharine Asquith. "Shingled and dressed in plain green fishermen's jerseys, beehive hats pulled hard down and huge horn spectacles. There were five or

six as like as peas...."

When Katharine Asquith was despondent, Russell wrote:

It seems to me that the best plan is to expect nothing, absolutely nothing, from life and especially no sort of worldly success of any kind or description, not even in playing the piano or breeding cows or anything. About this one must be ruthless with oneself... one then begins to find out that there are things that give one comfort and even pleasure; friends, reading philosophy and Shakespeare and being in the country in the spring.

Their correspondence was much concerned with Roman Catholicism, to which Katharine Asquith was converted in 1924. (Russell remained sceptical, and when on his death-bed he was finally received into the Church it may have been largely to give pleasure to an old friend; this it certainly did.) Mells Manor, the Somerset home of the Horners, was more or less the centre of Russell's life from 1927, when he went to live in the village and farm the home farm, until his death. Lady Horner's house parties, and later on Katharine Asquith's social life, which was much influenced by her religion, fell under his observant and often quizzical gaze.

In 1933 Russell went to see Diana Cooper performing in *The Miracle* in Cardiff. He had known her for some time; his brothers Claud and Gilbert had both wanted to marry her, but it was only after this visit ("Cardiff is engraved on my heart") that she assumed her pre-eminent position in his life. They corresponded frequently, met often, and when her husband's career took her away for long periods — to the East, to Algiers, to the Embassy in Paris — he missed her cruelly. He never ceased to find her vitality and beauty uplifting. During the Second World War when she was away he became friends with his neighbour Daphne Weymouth, whose wild humour he relished and whose companionship to some extent compensated for the absence of Diana. To both of them his letters are charming, the waggishness never becoming too whimsical, nor the frequently expressed love and admiration mawkish. Whether he is writing about village life and the exigencies of agriculture, or his excursions into the wider world, or his thoughts about his reading, his comments are perspicacious, pungently expressed and often very funny.

Georgiana Blakiston, Conrad Russell's niece, has edited his letters. She mentions other correspondents (rather too unobtrusively), among them Sir Alan Lascelles, who had been a close friend since he and Russell were in the trenches together and who shared his liking for odd pieces of information. These letters were kept and treasured by their recipient until he lent them to a sick friend and they disappeared. Perhaps the appearance of this book might prompt their rediscovery. It may yet transpire that Conrad Russell at Mells will stand beside William Cowper at Olney and Edward Fitzgerald at Woodbridge.

A voluptuous dejection

John Sturrock

ROLAND BARTHES
Incidents
116pp. Paris: Seuil. 55fr.
20200 94533
Criticism and Truth
Translated and edited by Katrine Pitcher
Keureman
119pp. Athlone Press. £25.
04851 1321 X

Incidents is scraps, surely the last volume anyone will make from what is left of unpublished or uncollected Barthes. It contains two overlooked brevities: a piece about the Basque country, beside the Adour, where he was brought up and where he kept a holiday house, and another about a Paris theatre turned dance-hall — the first of these appeared in the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*, the second in *Vogue for Men*, which is no mean spread of media as a market for one's occasional writings.

The other two items in *Incidents* have more to them and trace the move in Barthes's writing life as he aged towards an anxious, teasing explicitness about himself. The first, "Incidents", is a set of notes which he made during visits to North Africa in 1968-9. These are three or four lines each and impassive, in imitation of the haiku that Barthes admired so much for its surprising conjunction of artistry in the form and contingency of subject. He records many ordinary moments from his time there: people met or only seen, places and objects, things said or overheard; all are particularities that he lays by unglorified, as if for future use in the novel that tempted him but which he never wrote. Their locus for the most part is the street, or the café, and their tone, frequently sexual, because by this time of his life, even though these "Incidents" were not published, Barthes's very active homosexuality had

become a feasible motif of his writing.

That theme becomes rather glumly central in the last section of *Incidents*, which has the title of "Soirées de Paris". Here the form is no longer the subdued, alien one of the haiku, but that of the confidential journal entry. These short obituaries of Barthes's restless evenings in Paris were written in the autumn of 1979, a few months before his death, and they are not happy reading. These were nearly all evenings out, in cafés or in restaurants, at the cinema once or twice, or on the loose in the streets. His love-life was not going well. There are constant sightings and sometimes flirtations with unknown gigolos, or else rendezvous with admired and appropriate young men, but these seem all too often frustrated by his own timidity, or by the extreme fastidiousness of utterance that leads him to write, for one such evening, "lorsque je prévois de parler de quelque chose, j'en suis trop conscient et je ne dis rien". There is no sense at all that Barthes could be using his own considerable fame in intellectual Paris as a lure, only a bleak sense of his exclusion, now he is in his sixties, from a world arranged for the satisfaction of the young. On a brief stay in the south-west, he experiences a total sadness which he knows at once to be a literary "value", a Romantic nostalgia he could never bring into his own writing, and this deep inhibition is compounded by his feeling of homelessness, that wherever he is, here, or in Paris, or travelling, he is "sans abri véritable".

These "soirées" are the plainest, blackest confessions Barthes can have left of his dejection, yet they are described with some elegance and that old fascination with the singularities of the passing moment; they are honest, not maudlin. And he has one strong defence left against the emptiness of his life outside the house, which is the reading he does once he gets home; that voluptuous immersion by night in the splendid prose of the classical writers in from whom this supposed iconoclast among critics drew such pleasure. It is comforting,

ultimately, to find Barthes, returned perhaps from some lustful but inconclusive eye-play at the Café de Flore, opening his copy of Chateaubriand and reflecting: "Toujours cette pensée: et si les modernes se trompaient? S'ils n'avaient pas de talent?"



Such a reflection would have shocked Barthes's admirers back in the days when he wrote *Critique et vérité*, an English translation of which has at last appeared, twenty-one years after the publication of the original (which was reviewed in the *TLS* of June 23, 1966). This little book, or large pamphlet, was his waspish and brilliant answer to the attack made on him (and other "new" French critics) by Raymond Picard in his *Nouvelle critique ou nouvelle imposture*. So it is an episode in an old, now half-forgotten war rather than an essay in critical

method complete in itself; and would have made sense to have published *Incidents* and *Truth* in a single volume like the *Chambre de doléances* that first educated me to imagine it has ever been thought translating Picard on his own, but to have there would demonstrate the full of Barthes's joyful counterstrike. Not Picardians in universities have as yet been diverted or driven into early retirement, would have been merit in including translation a statement of the critic: doxy for which, know it or not, they

Criticism and Truth is first a relief Picard and then a manifesto of Barthes' view of what literary criticism should both counts. It is a most telling work, mocking the dead positivism, the and the secret ideology of academic criticism as Picard, or concisely laying out more enlightening, more generous a realistic understanding of how right about things. The quarrel, extreme between a "closed" view of the text, ceptible of a literal, definitive reading "open" view of it, as an unstable of words inviting novel reinterpretation moves on and as the knowledge or critics change. Barthes here asser lowship of writer with critic, in the of *écriture*, the critic being someone in order to write, and whose own "turn around" the words of someone

The belated translation, by Katrine Keureman, is efficient if also, by with Barthes's by this stage quite a bit of a cliché, too spelt out colourless. That was perhaps unavailing: there are one or two places where seductive precision of his fine disfigure. Where Barthes, for example "la véritable 'critique' des institutions linguistiques ne consiste pas à 'juger' distinguer, à les séparer, à les déditaliques), Ms Keureman has "does i 'judging' them, but in perceiving, i in *dividing*", which is weaker and r logous. Barthes's three infinitives cessive, and progress from "dis rather than 'perceiving', to 'unf term we have lately become used ing", not "dividing".

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Putting blots on the landscape

Virgil Nemoianu

MIRCEA MARTIN
Introducere in opera lui D. Fundanu
253pp. Bucharest: Minerva. 9.50 lei.

Benjamin Fondane is well known as a French poet and essayist of the 1920s and 30s, with a philosophy somewhere between existentialism and surrealism, who disappeared in 1944 in a Nazi extermination camp. Much less is known about Barbu Fundanu, a young Moldavian Jew, who before 1923 (when he left Romania, at the age of twenty-five) had produced a substantial and interesting body of poetry and critical prose. Fondane, like Ionesco, Tzara, Celan, Emil Cioran, Panait Istratie and many others coming from Romania, was a man of two languages, lives and careers. His early work fills just two volumes. There is a collection of poems, *Priveliști* (Landscapes) published in 1930, chosen from a much larger quantity of verse published in small literary journals between 1914 and 1923, though in 1974 Paul Daniel, Fondane's brother-in-law, brought out a fuller edition of the Romanian poems, and is now preparing a (complete?) critical edition (Fondane's interesting translations from the French symbolists, German romantics and Yiddish poets are still uncollected). There was also a volume of 1922 of articles on "books and images from France". This reappeared in 1980, in a collection together with most of Fondane's occasional essays in Romanian, as well as Romanian translations of two of his French books, one on Rimbaud, the other his justly renowned "False treatise of aesthetics."

As in most healthy modern cultures, Romanian writers between the two world wars thought that criticizing their own literature and society was great sport. Young Fundanu engaged in it with some enthusiasm. In the preface to his 1922 volume of essays he infuriated many by proclaiming that the whole of Romanian literature was merely a parasitical growth upon the trunk of French literature, and that it made more sense therefore to speak about

French writers. He allowed for a few exceptions (Gimenesu and Arghezi, for instance), and also provided a sociological explanation of sorts. According to him, Romanians had no coherent tradition or cultural identity ("national soul" as he called it) and were therefore given to indiscriminate assimilation and self-inflicted colonialism. Like Ionesco's *No* (reviewed in the *TLS* of February 6), which appeared some twelve years later, Fondane's diatribes should not be taken without a pinch of salt. A number of earlier essays (and later ones also: Fondane went on contributing to Romanian journals into the early 1930s) contained shrewd analysis and praise for selected Romanian writers. He apparently intended to collect these articles into a companion volume entitled "Images and books from Romania", but that never materialized. According to Mircea Martin, the author of the present monograph and one of the most competent of the younger Romanian critics, Fundanu should be seen as someone who continued in a sense the cultural critique of Junimea, a group of moderate nineteenth-century conservatives who asked for a balance between modernization and respect for local circumstances.

His essays on French literature are an excellent introduction to the books he later wrote in French. He is enthusiastic about Remy de Gourmont and his judgments on André Gide are among the most lucid that had by then been made anywhere on that writer. In other articles he praises Valéry and Mallarmé, shows an anti-Romantic sympathy for Proust, condemns the anti-Romantic tradition most loudly represented in the early 1920s by Maurras, and voices disagreement with the social determinism of Taine, Zola and Barbusse.

Fundanu's Romanian poetry was well received by the critics but did not enjoy a wide audience. He did not engage in the experimentalism that was flourishing at that time in Romania, but, on the contrary, accepted many of poetry's stock conventions and set forms, particularly the bucolic tradition. However, as Martin explains, he very efficiently subverted their tradition by emphasizing the gross materiality of rural objects and beings,

introducing thick mud, dumb oxen and large, ugly flies. Not only is this a world of an oppressive compactness, but the people who inhabit it are themselves mindless and sluggish in their movements, and set in a rainy autumnal climate, suggestive of boredom and hopelessness. Occasionally his landscapes are illumined by a Chagallian touch of transfiguring magic, but basically Fondane must be seen as having been influenced by the lyrical pessimism of George Bacovia. Where Bacovia was an expressionist, though, spare in his means, and often inclined towards free verse, Fondane's Romanian poems are almost always in classical metres and rhyme schemes.

The relationship between his Romanian and French phases deserves closer investigation than it has so far received. It is interesting that while there is much continuity in his philosophical ideas, the poetry undergoes a change. The French poetry shows little of the sensitivity towards nature that had marked his early writing: Fondane became more experimental as he grew older. While Romanian readers would have much to gain from a better acquaintance with his later essays, his small but devoted following in the West would be well-advised to keep in mind the intellectual environment of Eastern Europe, both stimulating and despairing, which had shaped him in decisive ways.

"Now that the sixties have faded emphatically into a past," writes Jonathan Arac in his introduction to *Postmodernism and Politics* (171pp. Manchester University Press. Paperback, £8.95, 0 7190 2332 7), "the radical social and political activities, the urgency of questioning that formed the atmosphere from which postmodernism condensed, no longer define our immediate world. They must not be repressed, however, we must solicit the uncanny without becoming somnambulists." Here the uncanny solicitation comprises a selection of essays, first published in a special double issue of *Boundary 2*, which attempt to re-investigate early debates about the elusive issue of postmodernism. Contributors include Paul A. Bové, Dana B. Polan and John Higgins.

The lure of the limelight

The collapse of the cuckold

Benedict Nightingale

SIMON GRAY
Melon
Haymarket

not the War (though Pearl Harbor dishes Sally's chances to perform Chekov on the radio). Instead it is a media-generated moment of shared sentiment, as the father stops spanking his son to listen with an enthralled nation as the radio reports efforts to rescue a doomed little girl called Polly from a well.

Eighty, ninety, a hundred years ago, playwrights took the subject of adultery very seriously. The woman in the case – as in *Pinner's Mid-Channel* or his more famous *Second Mrs Tanqueray* – was expected to atone for her sin with some sensationally self-destructive act, such as jumping out of a second-floor window. But as our own theatrical century jiggled and skittered forward, this moral severity came to seem unjustified, indeed absurd. By the time of the Osborne revolution, adultery had come to betoken sickness of plot, triviality of treatment, and not much else: it was one of those subjects which boulevard playwrights exploited in order to fill seats and empty minds.

It is no wonder that the new generation shunned it. Yet in recent years the subject has quietly been becoming respectable again. Think, for example, of Harold Pinter's *Betrayal* or Peter Nichols's *Passion Play* or Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*. Playwrights have once more been taking adultery seriously; but in an entirely different way from Pinter or Henry Arthur Jones. It is important now not because it affronts religious or social taboos; but because it damages people, making moral swindlers of some and walking wounded of others.

Simon Gray's *Melon* is the latest contribution to this rehabilitated genre, and one of the most powerful too. Why is Alan Bates so uncharacteristically sombre and yellow-looking when the curtain rises to reveal him solo on the Haymarket stage? As he explains, and as his author then shows us in eight years of selective flashback, it is because his wife's adultery has propelled him into nervous breakdown. There he was, drinking gin in his London house, publishing books from his London office, making sardonic conversation, seducing his secretaries, putting down his friends, upsetting his family, and doing all those things we associate with Gray men. And then, as he puts it with a banality presumably meant to indicate the collapse of sophistication, "the ground opened at my feet".

This psycho-geological event takes its time

An independent imagination

Richard Cork

Peter de Francia
Camden Arts Centre, until July 12

cia has gained in decisiveness and clarity as his work matured. Early drawings, based for the most part on aspects of everyday life or posed figures, are often heavily worked and modeled with a sense of solidity which is almost sculptural in its emphasis on looming bulk. Massive nudes threaten to burst the boundaries of the picture frame, and the strength of their palpable presence on the paper cannot be doubted. Gradually, however, de Francia has moved away from this monumental grasp of boulder-like forms, preferring instead to concentrate on sequences which rely more on imagination. The change has enabled him to discard some of his earlier preoccupation with mass and develop a lighter, more economical and refined approach. Contours now become of supreme importance, deployed with a precision that stresses essential weight and motion alone. The compositions grow more complex and dynamic, too, as an abundance of figures fill the space with movements that rely on dramatic, expressive gestures.

Above all, though, de Francia's vision of the world develops a more satirical edge. In an analysis of homage to Goya's final series of etchings, he has entitled an especially outspoken sequence *Disparates*, explaining that it designates "the vagary, something that has no rhyme or reason, a folly". They constitute his most bitter drawings; even love does not escape in "Chinko y Viciñ Amor", where a young man with a bull's head projecting from his loins approaches a shilling statueque woman controlled by a crane crouching beneath her amputated legs. In the sturdy drawings of "Monsieur et Madame Bayle" a more affirmative mood is explored, and the recent *Prométhées* series introduces an athletic sense of limning vigour.

The work itself is almost certainly not as great as *Iphigénie en Tauride*, but then not many things are. It is still a powerful, extremely well-constructed drama, strikingly similar in its central situation to *Iadmeno*, which also obstinately refuses to become part of the repertoire, despite its even stronger claims. One cannot help feeling that an age which regards nobility as being as outmoded as chastity, is not grateful even for a reminder that it once occupied a central place in the culture's scheme of values. Lacking a grasp of it, we seem unwilling to devote attention to an idiom in which it is pervasive, and where discriminations within it, of the kind that Gluck specializes in, therefore go unnoticed and the result is thought to be monotony. Berlioz and Wagner, as it well known; both thought the work was a masterpiece. Apart from their other gifts, they were great critics.

Although he has spent most of his working life in London, his French background has contributed to the development of an outlook at one remove from a British context. The very opposite of insular, he is best known for a large polemical painting commemorating "The Bombing of Salsé" in 1959. This impassioned and explosive protest against the French bombers' destruction of a small Tunisian village belongs more to the tradition of Picasso's "Guernica" than to any English context, and it overshadows the rest of his achievements. (It was regarded as the starting-point for the selection of *de France's* last Camden show a decade ago.) But he has always seemed most impressive as a draughtsman, and one must welcome the new exhibition's emphasis on drawings.

Always a confident handler of line, *de France*

head projecting from his loins approaches smiling statuesque woman controlled by crone crouching beneath her amputated leg. In the sturdy drawings of "Monsieur Madame Baylac" a more affirmative mood explored, and the recent *Printheaus* series introduces an athletic sense of dancing, vigor.

LEO BRAUDY
The Frenzy of Renown: Fame and its history
640pp. Oxford University Press. £22.50.
019 5040031

That on the whole fame has had a bad press is partly no doubt because saluting it looks much like soliciting it. "What is honour?" A word, an empty bubble. But here is a history of it, a very full and learned book, containing hundreds of thousands of words. Leo Braudy observes that to document this history thoroughly would be the work of at least a lifetime — a modest estimate — "since everything preserved for us from the past can in some sense be considered a message that perpetuates someone's fame". Everything is a lot; and since it is impossible to be exhaustive, what is necessary to be quite so exhausting? What keeps the reader going, if at times stumbling, is not Braudy's philosophy of psychology and sociology of fame — where receptivity is inevitable as century succeeds century — so much as the diversity of witnesses he invokes. Anecdote is the spur, story rather than history.

Everything, or a lot of it, is grist to Braudy's mill; and at times you are ready to believe that he knows everything. Ovid has his place in the history of fame: for example, according to the *Metamorphoses* Callisto competed with a goddess by jousting with Jupiter, was changed into a bear by jealous Juno and then transformed into a constellation by Jupiter. (She became a star!) More generally, Braudy says, in this work "Ovid pits the human authority of the artist against the inhuman power of the gods". In another time and place, by courtesy of the Devil the neglected poet Enoch Soames is transported into the future to check on his posthumous fame. He finds only one mention of himself, as an imaginary character in a story by Max Beerbohm, who has thus added to his own reputation by writing about someone who achieved nonentity.

Odysseus was helped towards fame by representing himself as a nonentity, telling Polyphemus ("many fames") that his name was "Nobody". When the Cyclops cries out that "Nobody" has blinded him, nobody pays any attention. Safely on his ship, but loath to remain anonymous, Odysseus shouts back: "If anyone asks you how you were shamed and blinded, say that Odysseus, son of Laertes, from Ithaca, did it!" Somewhat imprudent, since Polyphemus promptly calls on his father, Poseidon, to avenge him. But then, the ensuing misfortunes suffered by the man from Ithaca plump out the *Odyssey* and make him world-famous. Brady quotes a murderer who complained to the police, in 1978, that only with his sixth killing had he begun to receive his rightful publicity. That infamy is fame is demonstrated neatly in the story of Herostatus, the shabby hero who burned down the Temple of Diana at Ephesus on the day of Alexander the Great's birth, in order to pre-empt some of the greatness in the offspring. His name is found in modern reference books whereas, in the spirit

Milton's contention was that "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil"; it does not lie in "broad rumour" but lives only in the "pure eyes" of God. Even so, it is on mortal soil that one must promulgate one's message. Brady is no need for teaching in heaven; Eve observes shrewdly that Satan tempts Eve with the novel notion of celebrity (and in the shape now enjoyed by film stars and television personalities). Who is there to see her in Eden, apart from some unappreciative animals and one sole man? She, who deserves to "be seen in goddess among gods", adored and ministered to by a daily entourage of "angels numberless". All the same, it is grossly inadequate to state that Satan, as Milton (with or without knowing it) portrayed him, is "an epic show-off as un- and that his sin "is not pride so much as an unquenchable desire for more and more approbators, and a ravaging envy of anyone who he thinks is celebrated in his stead". Paradise Lost is more directly amenable to

Brady's obsession with his subject - I am not sneering at obsessions, rather the reverse - leads him into fascinating byways, some of them famous yet largely forgotten. It can also lead him astray (though (I think) rarely, in respect of the desire felt by Hemingway's

character, Colonel Cantwell, for a life of privacy "where integrity and wholeness of being can finally flourish" - as the unknown yearn for fame so the famous yearn, in many cases less wholeheartedly, for privacy - Brady compares the Colonel with Shakespeare's Mark Antony, "who tells Cleopatra that if she wants he will leave the world of public fame and live 'as a private man in Athens'". No, this was a plea conveyed to Octavius Caesar by Antony's ambassador, "a Schoolmaster", after the defeat of Actium. Could Antony please be allowed to live in Egypt or, at second best, as a private man in Athens? - nothing to do with integrity or wholeness of being, but just a pathetic offer, under duress, to be a good boy in future. The cynical view of "privacy" has been put vulgarly though effectively by Fred Allen: "A celebrity is a person who works hard all his life to become known, then wears dark glasses to avoid being recognized."

"Public Esteem is the nurse of the arts and all men are fired to application by fame." Cicero's assertion is often true, we suppose, but not invariably, like much else cited in this book. The proposition has been repeated over and over, in different forms, the finest being Milton's: fame is the "last infirmity of noble mind", where "last" presumably means the last weakness to be overcome or (echoing Tacitus) the last thing to be parted from, and also the least deplorable. The integrity and wholeness of being, adduced by Braudy as the gift of privacy, can also be the fruit and indeed the intention of "application". We work for love of the work. Not that this phenomenon is exactly disinterested, for we are enjoying what we do. But even this degree of disinterestedness, or of disinterested interest, gets insufficient publicity, so to speak, from Braudy. In a fairly humorous poem, "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted", Kipling looked forward to the day when the last reviewer was dead and the sole patron of the arts was God, and when

no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working . . .

Regarding the Roman Republic, Braudy – who is not averse to spending pages similarly – remarks that “Historians often spend many pages measuring the mix of political principle and personal ambition in the career of public figures”, adding, as a pragmatic rider, that “*ambitio* in Latin means to walk around, canvassing for votes”. I don’t see how that mix can be measured with much accuracy whatever the career in question.

Sterne is quoted to the effect that he wrote "not to be *fed*, but to be *famous*." We have often heard that sentiment, just as we have often heard the contrary sentiment: "Don't praise me, pay me." Much of the time, I would venture, most of us would like both, to be thought-famous and to be well paid. That would-too is a banality; the subject of fame is encompassed with commonplaces and half-truths, like the subject of money. Johnson is reported as having declared that no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money, but we don't suppose he intended to utter a moral and universal truth.

Milton's contention was that "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil"; it does not lie in "broad rumour" but lives only in the "pure eyes" of God. Even so, it is on mortal soil that one must promulgate one's message, for there is no need for teaching in heaven. Brady observes shrewdly that Satan tempts Eve with the novel notion of celebrity (and in the shape now enjoyed by film stars and television personalities). Who is there to see her in Eden, apart from some unappreciative animals and one sole man? She, who deserves to "be seen by goddess among gods", adored and ministered to by a daily entourage of "angels numberless". All the same, it is grossly inadequate to state that Satan, as Milton (with or without knowing it) portrayed him, is "an epic show-off", and that his sin "is not pride so much as an unquenchable desire for more and more appreciators, and a ravaging envy of anyone whose he thinks is celebrated in his stead". *Paradise Regained* is more directly amenable to Brady's argument at this stage: after resisting the temptation in the wilderness, and having listened to the acceptable acclamation of the angelic choir, Christ, "unobserved home to his mother's house private returned".

Braudy has noted that the conventional invocation of the Muse, by Milton and others, Christian or pagan, "displaces attention away from the writer and toward the message". He talks of "virtuous withdrawal" versus "self-display", but unfortunately the first expression sounds much like "hacking into the limelight", hardly to be distinguished from the "ostentatious evasions of publicity" which he imputes to J. D. Salinger and Thomas Pynchon. And when he describes one as the "mirror image" of the other, he is similarly ambiguous. He cites Emily Dickinson's lines: "To earn it by disclaiming / Is Fame's consummate fee", but goes on to style her "the show-off of eternity" because of "the innumerable ways she devised to humble herself in the world even as she asserted herself to posterity and to heaven". True, she



A statue of a young Roman, c23AD, reproduced from Erika Simon's Augustus: Kunst und Leben in Rom um die Zeitenwende (279pp. Munich: Hirmer. 1 7774 42298).

had only four poems published in her lifetime, whereas every word she penned would presumably circulate in heaven. But it seems misdirected harshness to term "ambivalent" the desire for immortality in one who scarcely had a mortal life.

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you – Nobody – too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd banish us – you know!

How dreary - to be - Somebody!
How public - like a Frog -
To tell your name - the livelong June -
To an admiring Bog!

This poem of hers strikes me as comic, light-hearted and just, rather than a manifestation of the self-approval that stems from not seeking applause.

Brady is more concerned to describe than to judge; in general he is strong on thinking, somewhat low on feeling. My impression is that he underestimates the genuine distaste for fame, or distrust of it. It is the case that some of those who profess contempt for fame are simultaneously amazing it; it is only wise to declare that the grapes are sour once you have succeeded in picking them. For false modesty is often taken for the real thing, and moreover you may actually manage to discourage potential rivals. Even so, after making heavy weather of the apparent egotism and vanity in Keats, who scorned egotism and vanity in poets and poets said "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death", Brady gets it right by giving due weight to Keats's remarks about the poetical character which "has no self". To be modest or reticent does not involve you in abjectness; it may involve a lot of pride.

"In the world of publicity" - Brady is referring to the late seventeenth century - "even the exclusive made a public forum if they wanted

to have an effect." True of course, yet alongside that statement I would wish to place what Coleridge wrote in *Biographia Literaria* about "men of the greatest genius" as judged by contemporary accounts: "In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned with regard to immediate reputation." Towards the end of his book Bradley claims that he has stigmatized certain styles of fame and applauded others, and that "the alert reader" will perceive that he has done so throughout. I am ready to believe that my own allergies may have wavered. Certainly he gives a sonorous summing-up of the urge to fame at its best, as "a desire for recognition and appreciation that is interwoven with the nature of the human community, both socially valuable and personally enriching, beyond the rewards of comfort and status, in a worth inseparable from the good opinions of others".

The *Frenzy of Renown* may be compared to a small pony hauling a huge pantechnicon, full to overflowing; the pony founders, the van falls apart, and a lot of interesting contents are scattered around. Not all Brandy's material is strictly germane, but the book constitutes an impressive anthology of human prowess, push, pithos and perversity. Some at least of its themes, ranging far and wide, ought to be itemized.

For instance, the interplay between the individual and his society or "culture" (well, if you were the only person in the world you would be famous indeed, ready for *The Guinness Book of Records*, except that there would be no one to take cognizance of you), and "the speed with which a president can change from an authority to a scapegoat". The cost, and the irony, of fame: the baby son of Charles Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle, was kidnapped and murdered, along with Lindbergh's privacy. Julius Caesar's stage-manning of his image: Suetonius reports that, although stabbed twenty-three times, he arranged his toga decorously as he fell. Patronage, and the relation between political fame (Augustus) and literary (Horace): in the poet's words, "Many brave men lived before Agamemnon, but all have gone down, unmourned and unknown, into the long night, for lack of their sacred poet." The cult of saints and martyrs: St Simeon Stylites, the celebrated solitary on his pillar, "had constant crowds of admirers". The mixture in Dante of "Christian humility and literary assertion": Chaucer's *House of Fame* provides an entertaining contrast, as the overweight Englishman, carried off by an eagle, wonders apprehensively whether "love wit me steyllife".

Portrait painting, printing, and then photography, all played their part in the swelling act of this strange eventful history: yet Joan of Arc became known to millions without the aid of any one of them. (There must be some early intimation here of the fearsome law of diminishing returns which takes a hectic and ever-increasing toll in our day.) And similarly the theatre and its impact, in particular Shakespeare's history plays with their "exposure" of kingship, including the private moments of monarchs; hence Elizabeth's nervous reflection (alleged, and not necessarily in response to Shakespeare's play): "I am Richard III. know ye not that?"

11. know ye not that?

Braudy quotes with admirable appositeness from Boswell's *Journal*, 1764, a passage where Boswell asks Rousseau whether it is possible to live among men and still retain one's singularity, and Rousseau answers that yes, it is, he has done it, Boswell: "But to remain on good terms with them?" Rousseau: "Oh, if you want to be a wolf, you must howl." Did Boswell subsequently enter into an affair with Rousseau's mistress purely in the hope that traces of genius or singularity and hence fame would rub off on him? Then there is suicide, resorted to either because of failure to gain fame or as a means of gaining it, albeit posthumously, Melancholia, tuberculosis and (in moderate measure) madness have been seen as emblems of genius; and possibly, though as a less agreeable cachet, syphilis too. Byron serves as the exemplar of the hero-victim of the machinery of celebrity in the nineteenth century. "The aristocrat who signals the effective end of aristocracy because he also wants to be famous" (A rather doubtful assumption there?) The most poignant gloss on "Byronism" I know of, and on the phenomenon of "dandies" and *poètes maudits*

Mining an epic

D. C. Feeney

WENDELL CLAUSEN
Virgil's "Aeneid" and the Tradition of
Hellenistic Poetry
183pp. University of California Press. \$25.
052005791 0
JASPER GRIFFIN
Virgil
118pp. Oxford University Press. £9.95
(paperback, £2.95).
019 287655 J
R. O. A. M. LYNE
Further Voices in Vergil's "Aeneid"
252pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £28.
019 814461 X

"A big book is equal to a big evil", declared Callimachus, the master Hellenistic poet, and Wendell Clausen's elegant little book, learned, personal and oblique, accords with his canon. In a hundred pages of text, forty-one of notes, and twenty-one of appendixes (Callimachus would have loved appendixes), Clausen discusses Virgil's achievement of that apparent impossibility, a national and Homeric praise-epic which is true to the artistic criteria of Callimachus.

An introductory chapter, on Virgil's poetic career before the *Aeneid*, sets the scene and sharpens the paradoxes, expounding the young poet's Callimachean hostility to grand epic, together with his profound assimilation of the New Poetry. Clausen is then in a position to set about demonstrating that "the *Aeneid* represents not an abandonment but an extension of Callimachean poetics by Virgil, greatly daring, into an area of poetry precluded by Callimachus". At this point Callimachus himself rather fades out of the story, figuring only incidentally, and attention switches to his contemporary, Apollonius, whose *Argonautica* is advanced as Virgil's prime model for the enterprise of writing Callimachean epic. Some readers will want arguments for the proposition that Apollonius is "himself a Callimachean"; but for those who are already persuaded of that, Clausen's assertion of Apollonius' pervasive importance for the *Aeneid* will be welcome, and timely.

Devotees of the *Argonautica* (a small, but growing band) are puzzled by its present neglect, and Clausen's book, demonstrating Virgil's admiring allegiance, performs a service of rehabilitation for Apollonius as well as of elucidation for Virgil. It is interesting to have Clausen's notes confirm one's impression that, up till some sixty years ago, the *Argonautica*'s importance for the *Aeneid* was something very widely taken for granted. Clausen continues that valuable tradition, with insightful readings of, for example, Dido and Aeneas as Diana and Apollo. The attention to diction is rewarding throughout, fully substantiating his description of the poem as "a prolonged literary allusion to Homer in the manner of Apollonius".

It will be plain that Virgil's "Aeneid" and the Tradition of Hellenistic Poetry is a book to be welcomed, yet a Callimachean treatment leaves the reader feeling that the subject still needs a Didymus Brass-guts, who might provide a systematic treatment along the lines (dare one hope it?) of Knauer's *Die Aeneis und Homer* (1964). Clausen's book is an exercise in opening people's eyes, but even so it has no obvious strategy of selection. He seems to have picked on the bits of the *Aeneid* he finds most moving and interesting, with the result that large portions of the poem remain untreated. The *Argonautica*'s backbone is an "Odyssean" sea-voyage, yet Clausen has nothing on *Aeneid* 3, Virgil's book of journeying. One would have welcomed discussion of more general problems—of how, for example, the *Aeneid* reflects the *Argonautica*'s un-Homeric involvement with the world of historiography and ethnography. The *Argonautica* is not only an *Odyssey*, it is also a kind of *Anabasis*; Virgil learnt much from Apollonius about the problem of describing in poetry how generals who are also diplomats move large forces through unexplored areas.

Likewise disconcerting is the comparative neglect of Callimachus after the introductory chapter. Callimachus' masterpiece was the *Aitia* ("Causes"), a collection of stories explaining the origins of contemporary practices

and institutions. The *Aeneid* is nothing if not an enormous *aitia*, composed of many smaller ones, and it is intimately involved with the attendant poetic problems which had so exercised Callimachus: the authority of tradition, and of the poet; dilemmas over plausibility, and distance. But Clausen has certainly brought an important and exciting area of enquiry to classicists' attention.

"I loathe everything to do with the mass of the people"—another trenchant Callimachean dictum; but the Past Masters series exists precisely to popularize, and Jasper Griffin's *Virgil* book (a companion to his *Homer* in the same series) copes well with the problems of communicating some idea of what Virgil is like to an audience without Latin or Greek. To cover the whole of Virgil's work in just over one hundred small pages without superficiality is certainly quite an achievement. Griffin does as much justice as his scope allows him to Virgil's complexity. Only in the case of the *Georgics*, perhaps, is a picture presented which is too blunt: man's violent imposition upon the natural world deserves as much stress as his co-operation with it. Yet the general reader will indeed find Griffin's book "concise, lucid and authoritative", as the series description promises.

The "voices" of R. O. A. M. Lyne's title are not those of Gérard Genette and subsequent narratologists; nor are they those of Adam Parry, although classicists will instinctively see Parry's famous "Two Voices of Virgil's *Aeneid*" behind *Further Voices in Vergil's "Aeneid"*. Indeed, Lyne's terminology remains opaque to me. He himself says in his introduction that "the value of this book is supposed to reside in the practical exegetical value of its examples; and if I have phrased myself in exceptional ways I hope this will not completely obscure the discoveries I have made". He has made important discoveries, and produced a valuable book, yet his use of the "voices" strikes this reader, at least, as a hindrance rather than an aid to exegesis.

Lyne's arrangement is an element in the confusion. After a brief definition in the introduction, setting the "epic voice" against the "further voices", there is no extended theoretical discussion of the terminology until the last chapter. By that stage, readers who are puzzled or unpersuaded will only be frustrated to find Lyne calling into question the very dichotomy

which had apparently underpinned the analysis so far, presenting us instead with a "sliding scale", on which can be plotted the voice of "the personal Virgil". The question of the epic narrator is indeed a complex one. Lyne discusses the Homeric "epic voice" extensively, and defines it against "Callimachean" narrative techniques. For Virgil, though, the Callimachean Apollonius had utterly transformed the question of the Homeric narrator. Lyne insistently sets up Homer's "epic voice" as the foil for the "further voices", yet a new epic voice had been created in the mean time—one which (if I may use Lyne's terms) was itself saturated with "further voices", and intensely preoccupied with the problems of the poet's relationship with his Muses.

More generally, the personal nature of the book's language is a handicap. Lyne's is a very private vocabulary, despite the fact that his concerns regularly overlap with areas in which narrative theory has long been very active, and, I suspect, many readers will feel that the theoretical sections would have been more stronger and more accessible if he had his systematic advantage of the insights and theory has provided. Nothing seems to have been added to the value of Lyne's excellent readings by the recurrent device of commenting after an analysis has made its point, "we are dealing with a further voice". What we are dealing with is narrative.

If we turn to the bulk of the book we find that one Virgilian passage after another is posed to Lyne's acute Latinity and alert scholarship, with results that make for highly enjoyable reading. Scenes that one had thought one knew well are opened up for fresh consideration: from numerous instances I mention, especially rewarding, the analyses of Aeneas' anxieties at the beginning of Book Eight, and of Juno's speech and Amata's infatuation in Book Seven. The chapter "Gods and Men" is particularly successful. The picture of Jupiter given here will very likely soon be orthodox; at least, those who wish to continue extrapolating Jupiter out of the poem are going to find Lyne's points more embarrassing than any advanced before. There is a great deal to be learnt from the main body of the book; and the terminology does get in the reader's way. It is a small price to pay for the pleasure and profit of the experience.

Odds oddly reckoned

Simon Hornblower

HERODOTUS
The History
Translated by David Grene
699pp. University of Chicago Press. £23.95.
0226 32770 1

Max Beerbohm in *Zuleika Dobson* depicted Clio, the Muse of History, as suffering from a servant problem, irritated and depressed by the way her large and able staff did their work after the death of her favourite servant, Herodotus. "To them, life consisted of nothing but politics and military operations—things to which she, being a woman, was somewhat indifferent." Whereas, what she had liked in "poor dear Herodotus" was "just what prevented him from being a good historian. It was wrong to mix up facts and fancies." But in the 1980s Herodotus' kind of fancy is fashionable again, so much so that University of Chicago Press have launched a new and expensive translation, in one handsome scarlet hardback volume, by David Grene.

Grene's first book (1950) was a first-rate study of the political philosophy of Thucydides and Plato, *Man in his Pride*, later reissued with the bibring and misleading title *Greek Political Theory*. No less relevant, as credentials for this new undertaking, are his rightly famous translations of the Greek tragedies, in collaboration with Richard Lattimore. All this created hopes that his *Herodotus* would seem superior to the rest of the market, which for most of us means de Selincourt's Penguin, the latest (1986) re-issue of which still refuses to follow the Penguin *Thucydides* and give numbers to the individual chapters. In this respect Grene is certainly preferable. The point is not trivial: a translation that refuses to follow the Penguin

in one simple operation marry the Greek to the English.

But in other ways I am not entirely convinced of the superiority of Grene's version, though it is a careful, lucid and reliable rendering of four loving years. After a useful thirty-page introduction, we are told that the right English for Herodotus should be "direct, powerful and clear, but also, I think, a little odd". This does indeed describe what Grene has given us, and it is not a small achievement to have deserved the first three adjectives. But is it legitimate to treat Herodotus' Greek as odd, and if so how should it be conveyed in English?

The ancient literary critics should be listened to on a point of this sort: they had read far more Greek authors than have come down to us. A letter of Dionysius of Halicarnassus says that Herodotus' Greek was "natural (καταφύσει) the forceful Thucydides). He did not know Herodotus odd. True, Herodotus was thought "Homeric" as well as "natural", but that surely does not justify such Wardour-street English as "it behooved the Athenians to make more of them [triremes] to boot". In fairness to Grene, I have the feeling that after Book One the self-conscious insertion of oddities becomes less pronounced; but I could check this impression only if I were to read the nine books of his translation again, this time in reverse order. "My eyes, my judgment, and my searching" is rather effective, for the three books of Herodotus' "trials". But elsewhere an over-literal approach leads merely to locutions like "very great and worthy", "the business is that", or the strange fondness for "word", as in "this word neither the Lydians nor their king made any account", or "what a word it was, what an improper word it was". What an ungracious word is this review! The last word to be a word of praise for useful

A Forsyte with foresight

Alice H. G. Phillips

JAMES GINDIN
John Galsworthy's Life and Art: An alien's
biography, by Catherine Dupré [1976], that
Ada so resented the long delay of their marriage that she made Galsworthy's life a nightmare beneath its tranquil surface. Although Galsworthy was an athlete and prefect at Harrow, he later admitted he had little fondness for "the herd-life" of public school, where the pupils were "reactionaries almost to a boy"; at Oxford, he held aloof from all groups, betting moderately on the horses and gaining a mediocre degree with little visible effort. He qualified for the Bar only because his father wished it, and rarely practised thereafter, giving up all pretence of it in his late twenties. Occasionally, acting as his father's agent, he collected rents in the slums of Fulham and North Kensington, and was disturbed by what he saw there; then began his lifelong habit of walking through poor neighbourhoods and talking to the inhabitants (he has the Daltons in *Fraternity* become painfully aware of the existence of their poverty-stricken "shadows" in Notting Hill, and his characters elsewhere come up with schemes for helping the disadvantaged—which usually backfire). As for the literary world, Galsworthy was Conrad's

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most widely read (and made into good television), and the recipient of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1932, Galsworthy has never been accorded much scholarly attention. His modernist peers and successors have taken over the canon, while he has been classed with the chroniclers of social history, or even down among the writers of literary soap opera. Undeniably, Galsworthy was not an extender of frontiers; he predicted that experimental writing would "peter out" by 1960 and that the only novels then produced would be "those with 'character' and 'story'". His own works were never predetermined, "lacking in air", as E. V. Lucas put it. He was sometimes sententious and sentimental, inclined to archaisms and preciosities. But he created the Forsytes, that London clan who have been as tenacious of literary life as they were of material prosperity; he found a voice, at first highly satirical but becoming more flexible and inclusive, for telling the story of their efflorescence and decline, and a form capacious enough to contain it: two trilogies, *The Forsyte Saga* and *A Modern Comedy*, with short stories used as links between their books, the whole set during three distinct periods of historical time (1886–7, 1899–1901, 1920–27). He produced in addition a third trilogy, *End of the Chapter*, about a more public-spirited family related by marriage to the Forsytes; he finished his final book between bouts with the brain tumour that killed him, three months after the Nobel prize.

The themes of Galsworthy's life were conformity, quiet rebellion and conscience; he slowly and deliberately transformed his life-conflicts into art. Like the Galsworthys, the Forsytes were rising upper-middle class, the business leaders and professional people who in the Edwardian era felt their financial security and moral certitude slipping. Old Jolyon Forsyte, the head of the family who later turns his back on his more narrow-minded relations, is rather like Galsworthy's own father. John Galsworthy, Sr, was a solicitor and a director of companies, a property speculator in London's golden age of money-making, and he piled up a fortune without becoming stuffy—loving beauty and children, saved by the knowledge that his forebears had been "very small beer". Galsworthy's mother, on the other hand, like the characters of his *The Country House*, insisted on her people's status as gentry, and relentlessly corrected the children's English and French, managed her poorer neighbours, and swept up footmarks from her crimson carpet. When her husband was eighty-five, she accused him of unbecoming interest in their grandson's governess, and moved out.

John Galsworthy, Jr, their first son, was born in 1867, his future already decided and simply provided for. He was educated at Harrow and at New College, Oxford, and qualified for the Bar in 1890. Doing bits of business for his father, he travelled to Vancouver, Russia, Australia and New Zealand; on the trip south, he talked of pushing on to Samoa to meet Robert Louis Stevenson, but met instead Joseph Conrad, who was first mate on his ship and had the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly* already in his cabin. In 1895, when he was twenty-seven, Galsworthy began a love-affair with the unhappy wife of a cousin, Ada Nemesis Galsworthy. For ten years, the two kept it from Galsworthy's father, for fear the news would kill him; when John Sr died, they provoked a divorce and were married. Ford Madox Ford, one of Galsworthy's early supporters, could have traced this career with mordant wit, as his recollections quoted here demonstrate: James Gindin's inability to select telling details and with them shape a narrative, his plodding critical judgments, his fatuous quotations from the author's relatives, and above all his prose style, render lifeless both life and work. The controlling thesis of *John Galsworthy's Life and Art*, however, seems sound, if overstated: that Galsworthy was uneasy with his social position and fortune (though

never ceasing to enjoy their fruits) and never entirely secure in his writing (which he came to relatively late, as a result of a suggestion of Ada's, and which he never found easy), and so felt himself an alien in both conventional upper-middle-class society and the literary world. (This is far more credible than the theory put forward in the only other substantial biography, by Catherine Dupré [1976], that Ada so resented the long delay of their marriage that she made Galsworthy's life a nightmare beneath its tranquil surface.) Although Galsworthy was an athlete and prefect at Harrow, he later admitted he had little fondness for "the herd-life" of public school, where the pupils were "reactionaries almost to a boy"; at Oxford, he held aloof from all groups, betting moderately on the horses and gaining a mediocre degree with little visible effort. He qualified for the Bar only because his father wished it, and rarely practised thereafter, giving up all pretence of it in his late twenties. Occasionally, acting as his father's agent, he collected rents in the slums of Fulham and North Kensington, and was disturbed by what he saw there; then began his lifelong habit of walking through poor neighbourhoods and talking to the inhabitants (he has the Daltons in *Fraternity* become painfully aware of the existence of their poverty-stricken "shadows" in Notting Hill, and his characters elsewhere come up with schemes for helping the disadvantaged—which usually backfire). As for the literary world, Galsworthy was Conrad's



A still from *A Tin-Type Romance* first released in 1910. The film was directed by Larry Trimble and shot in the Brooklyn area. The still is reproduced from *Before Hollywood: Turn-of-the-Century American Film* (199pp. Hudson Hills Press, distributed by Phaidon, £25. 093392091 7).

Saving time on the chores

Glen Cavaliero

RICHARD LITTLE PURDY and MICHAEL MILLGATE (Editors)
The Collected Letters of Thomas Hardy
Volume Six: 1920–1925
379pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £27.50.
019 812623 9

This is the penultimate volume. Of the eight commendations on the dust-wrapper, only one refers to the Letters directly. Indeed, as the editors acknowledged in the introduction to the first volume, Hardy is not one of the great letter writers, seeming on the whole to have regarded correspondence as "a chore, a necessary evil". There is no sense here of that spongy delight in communication with another person that characterized the letters of Edward Fitzgerald or, in our own century, D. H. Lawrence, J. C. Powys or Sylvia Townsend Warner.

Pretty well all the letters in the present volume are replies; Hardy was not one to initiate a correspondence lightly. But he responded to requests for information, to the bestowal of honours and to the donors of unsolicited gifts. The latter were liable to incur ambiguously

worded thanks, as did a certain Mrs Lucas for "this gift of one of your etchings which, though our house is small, must be found room for somewhere". The regular inflow of books elicited a wary courtesy, Claude Houghton being thanked for his tragedy *Judas* "which I have not read as yet, but mean to do so soon. The subject would seem to be a striking one, if well treated." Hardy was a master of the delicately back-handed compliment. Even Pound was not exempt. "To say" (of *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*) "that it is not . . . lucid, is . . . merely saying that it is not what you don't wish it to be"—despite which, it is obvious that Hardy could recognize true poetry when he saw it, and that Pound's poems call forth far more engaged comment than do those of Drinkwater or Sassoon. He accounted Charlotte Mew "the greatest poetess I have come across lately".

The extreme emotional reticence that led Hardy to sign himself "Yours ever" in letters to his wife, even at the time of her operation for cancer, is qualified only as sources of biography, who, using his novels as sources of biography, attributed to him beliefs he did not hold: there is a memorable letter here to Alfred Noyes, a serious offender in this respect, and a still more blistering one to Hardy's first "biographer",

punished for his petty theft, while the poor husband of one of the maids goes to gaol for his. These works seemed, to their small and advanced audience, an exciting development: younger novelists like Compton Mackenzie were inspired, and critics soon began to talk of the "new drama" of Galsworthy. Shaw, Granville Barker and Edward Garnett.

Within a few years, however, Galsworthy, throughout growing more popular as a writer and becoming prominent as a spokesman on issues from prison reform to the banning of aerial warfare, was considered backward-looking as an artist. His prose and his mode of story-telling remained traditional; his treatment of sex and the emotions was old-fashionedly reticent compared with D. H. Lawrence's; most critics accused him of "burying" the original protest of *The Man of Property* beneath subsequent sympathetic depictions of the upper classes, and even of becoming a Forsyte at heart himself. During the First World War, Galsworthy, nearing fifty, wrote voluminously and hurriedly for American magazines, donating the proceeds to relief organizations. His foreign audience, now and ever afterwards much broader, less "literary", thought of him as the quintessential charming Englishman rather than a serious social commentator, and of his works as realistic description rather than the crafted objects they were.

Galsworthy's reputation would continue to slip among the guardians of high culture (among other places, in *The Times Literary Supplement* of August 30, 1917, at the hands of Virginia Woolf). In July 1918, however, he had a vision of the structure of the *Forsyte Saga* trilogy, and, in a joyful, concerted effort, wrote its second and third books over the next few years. He went on to a second Forsyte trilogy, *A Modern Comedy*, full of the bright, hitting talk of fashionable people, the quick changes in contemporary culture, the middle in Parliament, the misery of the many and the general decline of England. In the final trilogy, Galsworthy focused on a more socially conscious group of characters, and especially on the brave and active Dinny Charwell, who proved how far his instinctive "feminism" had come since his creation of the passive heroine Irene Forsyte.

Reading the trilogies together, and taking them in conjunction with his five or six best plays, one sees Galsworthy's seriousness about life and art, the depth of his social concern and prescience about social change, his "almost passionate objectivity" in presenting the many sides of experience (critics who saw this as an increasing identification with Soames Forsyte and his way of thinking were mistaken, as Gindin points out). One admires, as well, his ear for dialogue, his skill at setting up a scene, his numerous, vivid gallery of characters. Galsworthy's is a painstaking achievement on a monumental scale.

the American Ernest Brennecke.

Hardy writes vigorously on business matters, and displays an illuminating concern in the production of *The Queen of Cornwall* and the dramatization of *Tess*. The overall impression is of an old man careful of his reputation and instinctively defensive against intrusions into his privacy, misinterpretation of his motives, and levies on his time. Siegfried Sassoon may have been flattered on being told "we rather miss you now you have gone"—but even that leaves one wondering just what happened during the actual visit.

These are the letters of a practical man, one who does not believe in wasting time. In one written to A. C. Benson he refers to his efforts "to show young people that they would save time by taking their allowances of literature in poetical form rather than in prose". That "allowances" was quite clairvoyant. One wonders what Hardy would have made of the collecting of his letters with its scholarly compulsion to include everything, however trivial: as in previous volumes even mere greeting cards have been preserved. The thoroughness is seen to greater advantage in the notes, which supply not only all necessary information but also cross-references to earlier letters. Indeed they amount almost to a secondary text.

Consciences in the city

John Lucas

IAN FLETCHER (Editor)
British Poetry and Prose 1870-1905
497pp. Oxford University Press, £19.50,
019 2541862

Most accounts of the final decades of the nineteenth century have tended to characterize the period as one of exhaustion. Orthodox religion is in retreat before the confident aggressions of positivist science. Empire is becoming hugely, wearisomely, problematic. The pre-1848 confidence of radical politics has declined into "labourism" or "the culture of consolation". What, then, can the writer offer but "dissipation and despair", for he or she has no expectation of being able to intervene, as writer, in the life of the times, but, indeed, is pushed to the margins by the relentless pressures of besetlement, of art-as-commodity. In his elegant and witty introduction to the Oxford Authors *British Poetry and Prose 1870-1905*, Ian Fletcher glances at these matters, though he also rightly suggests that among the prior conditions for modernism the city has established itself as the new exemplar of community (or lack of community). What he doesn't do is to see how this exemplar could be used to challenge those accounts of the period which emphasize the enmity and neglect other, more positive, responses.

It could of course be argued that such responses are characteristic of an earlier period, one that begins in 1789, with the publication of *Songs of Innocence*, and ends in 1865, with the publication of *Our Mutual Friend*. Certainly, it is in this period that English writing is at its most experimental, most challenging; and it is also in this period that writers are most confidently aware of themselves as intervening in crucial debates. There are the ceaseless revolts of the sons against the fathers, whether those fathers are called Nobodaddy or Timothy Shelley; there is very little anywhere in later writing that goes beyond Dickens's various accounts of the city; and it is at least arguable that human nature changed less in 1910 than in 1855, with the publication of *Men and Women*.

This great wave of creativity had virtually spent itself by the time Fletcher's anthology begins, and it is perhaps for this reason that he chooses to include British writers of the period. Oddly, however, this narrows rather than widens the possibilities. It is presumably the emphasis on Britishness which has led to the exclusion of James and Conrad, for which the inclusion of Edward Dowden and W. J. R. Rieu (say) hardly seems an adequate compensation. Moreover, the anthology does not really take up the challenge implicit in its title. "British" must surely imply imperialism and, then, challenges to imperialism, whether from Ireland or from within England itself. Yet Wilde "the aesthetic Fenian", in Tom Paulin's formulation, makes no appearance here. Nor does political Yeats. The selections from both are disappointingly incoherent and trap them in *fin-de-siècle* postures from which they deserve release. And with the exception of Edward Carpenter, there are no socialist writers on show. Fletcher covers up by asserting that, *A Dream of John Bull* apart, "the imaginative prose of the movement is barely distinguished", but might it not at least stretch to include Margaret Harkness and R. B. Cunningham-Graham, who go unmentioned (as for that matter do the utopian fictions of W. H. Hudson and G. K. Chesterton, while H. G. Wells is represented by "The Country of the Blind")?

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This brings us to the crux of the matter. Fletcher sometimes seems to be selecting or rejecting material on what he would regard as stylistic grounds, while on other occasions more nakedly ideological considerations are at work. The result is that his anthology significantly distorts the period it covers, most importantly when it comes to writing about the city. If Richard Le Gallienne's unspeakably awful "A Ballad of London" is to be included, why should Fletcher exclude the entirely serious and challenging accounts of London to be found in Hale White's *Deliverance* or Clara Hopwood? When Clara goes to work for a bookseller in Holborn, "everything she touched was foul with grime... a loathsome composition of everything disgusting which could be produced by millions of human beings and animals packed together in soot". Hale White here registers that entropic sense of community breaking down that is so marked a feature of late nineteenth-century writing and of social experience, and as a partial result of which both socialism and what can be called Anglo-Saxon ruralism gain currency. If we except a not very representative passage from Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night", these matters are not present in the anthology. Why not?

The best way of answering this is by pointing to a curious passage near the end of Fletcher's introduction. He is here rightly castigating those who wish to affirm the unproblematic Englishness of English art, writing, or whatever. "Monoglot talking in one's sleep is an arid exercise", he says. "And this remains even more true of those celebrations which are confined to the regional and local past: back to John Clare or back to Edward Thomas, back to Ivor Gurney; to some inch or other that is forever England." If Fletcher means to lambast those establishment ruralists who endorse Clare the "peasant poet" and Thomas "the heart-of-Englandism", then well enough. But I suspect he confuses the complicated actuality of the writers themselves with take-over bids which have been made by those who have deep-rooted motives for turning Clare, Thomas *et al* into far less complicated and altogether more compliant figures. It matters,

Orthodox controversialist

Ian Ker

MALCOLM WOODFIELD
R. H. Hutton: Critic and Theologian: The writings of R. H. Hutton on Newman, Arnold, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and George Eliot
227pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press, £25,
019 8186642

Richard Holt Hutton was not only one of the leading Victorian literary critics, but as a journalist-theologian he exercised a unique influence on public opinion at a time of extraordinary religious upheaval. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, he did not proceed from Christianity to agnosticism or unbelief. On the contrary: born (in 1826) the son of a Unitarian minister, he began by studying for the Unitarian ministry under James Martineau; but drawn particularly towards F. D. Maurice's liberal Anglicanism, he came to accept the central Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. He was eventually an open sympathizer of high Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism, and above all a champion of orthodoxy. For many years he was joint editor, with Walter Bagshot, of the *National Review*, but his real opportunity came in 1861 when he became joint proprietor of the *Spectator*, of which he continued to be literary editor until within a few months of his death in 1897.

Hutton's intervention in the public clash between Charles Kingsley and John Henry Newman not only involved him in one of the most celebrated controversies of the day, but brought together both his literary and his theological interests in his review (in February 1864) of Newman's publication of his correspondence with Kingsley. Newman's pamphlet caused a literary as well as a religious sensation, and Hutton's support for him helped de-

because the roots are bedded in those last decades of the nineteenth century, which is when the facts and implications of discontinuity begin to make themselves felt. This is why London becomes so important: it embodies discontinuity, it collapses - the point is obvious - elements of time and place, or at least does so for those who dream of order and continuity as inhering in a vertically structured society such as could, so the claim goes, be found in a "timeless" rural England. For others, of course, London offers an opportunity to restructure ways of thinking about society, indeed it is that opportunity. To refuse to take account of any of this is to limit, very severely, the range of the anthology. The point may be made even more emphatically if I note that Fletcher rules out of consideration Hardy's *Wessex Poems* and thus a number of fine poems which touch on or explore matters of discontinuity. "Friends Beyond", "The Imprecipitant", "In a Eweleaze near Weatherbury", these and others ought to have been included, especially as Fletcher can hardly claim that they are less accomplished than the work of - well, of at least a dozen poets who are included.

Yet this brings me to what is best about the anthology. As everybody knows, Fletcher is the great authority on the 1890s, and the present work gives him perhaps more opportunity than he has ever before had to put that authority to good use. In this respect he does not fail. Yet what is most interesting is less his choice of writers of whom some of us will have heard little if anything, than his 1890-ish view of others who have passed into the canon. Writing in 1896, John Jacobs remarked that "It is difficult for those who have not lived through it to understand the influence that George Eliot had upon those of us who came to our intellectual majority in the seventies." The present anthology reveals Fletcher's temperamental dislike of moral earnestness, of anything which approaches didacticism or which claims virtue for itself in reverencing the natural world. Hence his challenging contention that Swinburne is a better poet than Hopkins. "The 1890s was an international decade", Fletcher remarks, "though the main commerce of the mind and taste was with France." And he then

significance, for Newman's rehabilitation lent Catholicism a wholly new credibility. Hutton's contribution was noteworthy both for his vindication of Newman's religious integrity and for his appreciation of Newman as "not only one of the greatest of English writers, but, perhaps, the very greatest master of delicate and polished sarcasm in the English language". That remarkable review receives less than half a sentence from Malcolm Woodfield - which is characteristic of his *R. H. Hutton: Critic and Theologian*. A fairly arbitrary selectiveness may be venial enough in a dissertation - where this kind of defensive patter is commonplace. "Although drawing on the prodigious range of Hutton's writing, this study concentrates on his work on five writers in particular, in an effort to bring out the intrinsic value of his criticism as well as showing how their writing met in the mind of one of their contemporaries" - but one is surely entitled to find in an expensive, published monograph some definite "thesis" to justify the circumscribed nature of the discussion. Again, a monograph on a particular aspect of a major author is one thing, but it seems perverse to bring out such a narrow study of a relatively minor Victorian writer: since the writer in question was a prolific and versatile critic, a comprehensive survey was especially called for.

Apart from the fact that the book is not a full-scale study of Hutton, there are other much graver defects: its grimy style is a rather shocking reminder that it is possible now to "do research" in English literature in an English university without having attained a certain basic fluency in written English. A constantly irritating example is the wearying repetition of the name "Hutton" (it appears no less than half a dozen times on practically every page). The bibliography has slovenly abbreviations of titles and authors' names. The "Tractarian

compares Swinburne with Baudelaire, admits that Baudelaire is by far the better poet, "he has a gift for luminous concision, an energy counterpointed by an energy that is by means always frenetic". Yet Swinburne's "awareness of *ennui* as the human condition", just as he shared "the quarrel of God and the inversion of *Les Liens de Satan*", and further, and perhaps most importantly, the two had "a shared distrust of morality as falsifying experience". Fletcher's brief account of Swinburne is the most accurate and his selection does all that can be done to substantiate his claims.

The discussion of Hopkins also has its merits and is bound to raise howls of protest. Fletcher's criticisms are clear enough: Hopkins is a Victorian, his elaborations of language are disconcertingly reminiscent of the mid-Victorian, and his selection does all that can be done to substantiate his claims. One might disagree with the account of individual poems but Fletcher is in one important sense right. The attention lavished on Hopkins has drawn attention away from those recent attempts of Swinburne and his 1890s followers to connect English writing with contemporary European ideas. The championing of Hopkins has frequently been made in the name of promoting a narrow insularity, a defence of "Englishness" against which Fletcher protests. Not that he is lured into overstatement: the case for the 1890s. He brilliantly opposes Nietzsche, "that first free-standing man", to the "seductive religiosity of *Parasol*... adored by the Verlaines and John Grayson world. And here", he continues, "we can termine why the 1890s still seem so many and evasive; its figures retreat from that moment when we must reject a given language and a dependent self. Decadent religiosity is more than an attempt at sublimating knowledge. This definitive remark would have been even stronger had Fletcher's anthology room for those who opposed such religious such sublimated loneliness, through other writings that testify to an authentic engagement with the city.

appears as "Sewall" throughout - except once when her name is correctly spelled, sumably as a result of careless proof-reading (Archbishop Richard Whately, on the other hand, is consistently misspelled "Whately"). The chapter on Newman takes as its central texts what Woodfield persists in calling the "Oxford Sermons"; but it soon becomes scandalously clear that he is not aware that the philosophical *Oxford University Sermons* is a different work altogether from the pastoral and spiritual *Parochial and Plain Sermons*. Woodfield rightly appreciates the significance of Newman's writings for Hutton. It is particularly unfortunate, therefore, that his treatment of Newman is the most incomplete part of his work. The chapter on Arnold is only slightly less unsatisfactory. Because Woodfield is obviously more at home with literary criticism than religious thought, he is rather more successful in his discussion of Tennyson on Wordsworth and Tennyson. The last, convoluted and the least readable part of the critique of George Eliot and the novel, which leads Woodfield to conclude that both she and Hutton - unlike Arnold, who "can be seen holding on to a dying past" - were trying to maintain "spiritual values in a secular world" and "saw the realistic novel as the form which cleared the way forward".

It would be a pity, however, if this book prevented someone else from undertaking the rediscovery of Hutton that is long overdue. Volume fifty-five of the *Dictionary of Literary Biography* is Victorian Prose Writers 1867-1897, edited by William B. Thesing (370pp. Detroit, MI: Gale Research, \$90, 0 8103 1808). The twenty-eight authors represented in the volume include Benjamin Disraeli, Richard Burton, John Keble and Samuel Smiles; there are also essays on the non-fiction of Dickens, Thackeray, and George

Circumstances in the grain

David Parker

EMMANUEL LEROY LADURIE
The French Peasantry 1450-1600
Translated by Alan Sheridan
Oxford: Clarendon Press, £42.50,
019 2541862

Sooner had France recovered from the devastating combination of plague, famine and mortality that reduced its population by half during the fourteenth century than it entered a period of relative stagnation that lasted 150 years. Population remained at its pre-Black Death level of 20 million until after 1800, while agricultural production, rents, prices and wages were sluggish. In *The French Peasantry 1450-1600*, first published in 1977 as part of the *Annales économique et sociale*, Emmanuel Leroy Ladurie investigates the causes of this period of economic blockage and attempts to find in the economic activity of the period the seeds of transition to capitalism.

Ladurie, like the neo-Malthusians of the 1890s, is concerned with the alternating phases of economic growth and stagnation delineated by long-term population trends, but has been even more strongly influenced by the *Annales* school of Fernand Braudel. Despite the necessarily technical character of Ladurie's analysis, the *Annales* conviction that economic trends are not fully explicable without reference to

the collective *mentalités* of the rural world comes through strongly in *The French Peasantry*, as it did in Ladurie's pioneering *Les paysans de Languedoc* (1966), which provided the conceptual framework and some of the empirical data for the later study. His observations here on the conservative, provincial self-sufficiency of the rustic Norman squire, and the Catholic austerity of a largely illiterate peasantry, as factors in economic blockage are entertaining and suggestive, if not always conclusive. Similarly, his sympathetic treatment of peasant rebellion brings home the fact that, despite their lack of institutional power, rural communities retained a powerful sense of solidarity which prevented their complete obliteration by the forces of modernization.

More surprising, particularly in view of Ladurie's rejection of his youthful Marxism, is the extent to which he utilizes Marxist categories in explaining France's long and winding road to capitalism. Although he views the crisis of the late Middle Ages primarily from a demographic/Malthusian perspective, he brings in the idea of a seigneurial crisis that does not seem far removed from the Marxist "crisis of feudalism". Moreover, Ladurie says the demographic restoration of the Renaissance did not imply the simple completion of a Malthusian cycle, for the rejuvenated population was part of a much changed post-feudal world. Seigneurism was transformed into landlordism, feudal perquisites gave way to modern ground rents, while an increasingly impoverished

peasantry, clinging desperately to inadequate parcels of land, assumed the features of an embryonic proletariat, particularly in the grain-growing regions of the north. Here the large estates carved out by the urban upper classes became the foundations of a commercialized, market-oriented agriculture, utilizing wage labour under the direction of the seigneurial *fermiers*.

The central question posed by Ladurie's striking synthesis of these disparate yet complementary approaches is why, given the emergence of capitalist structures as France recovered from the ravages of the fourteenth century, the economy entered such a prolonged period of stagnation, during which agricultural yields barely improved on those of the Middle Ages. Curiously, Ladurie fails to answer his own question in the systematic manner that his analysis demands. Scattered through the book are references to the lack of technological innovation, the insufficiency of manure and fertilizer, the force of conservative *mentalités*, the limitations imposed by intensive wine growing, poor communications, low levels of literacy and so on, together with some passing comments on the happier combination of circumstances that stimulated an agricultural revolution in the Netherlands and England. But there is no convincing explanation for the fact that France's literate and quite knowledgeable embryonic agricultural capitalists displayed little interest in revolutionizing methods of production. It was certainly not the case that

they were insufficiently acquisitive, as one school of thought has long held, or, as has been suggested in recent years, that the semi-proletarianized peasantry constituted an insuperable obstacle. The inescapable conclusion - and one Ladurie does not quite reach - is that large landowners, either because they found their landed revenues adequate and/or because they were sufficiently well endowed with offices and *rentier* income, were under no great pressure to become improving landlords in the style of their English counterparts. Ladurie's failure to grasp this point derives from his insistence that feudal revenues were of limited significance, whereas in fact they gave the landlords a cushion without which the pressure on profit margins would have compelled them to improve their estates. It is strange that he does not seize on the inherently contradictory nature of the process whereby feudal seigneurs became capitalist landowners, for this helps to explain not only why that transition was so long and painful but also to account for the economic stagnation of the seventeenth century.

What Ladurie does succeed in showing, with great clarity and vivid detail is the way in which the French peasantry lost its economic dynamism. Not only did this preclude the possibility of a more radical capitalist development, generated by an emergent class of yeoman or kulaks within the ranks of the peasantry itself, but it also impeded the creation of a buoyant home market, essential if the seigneurs were to achieve their capitalist destiny.

extremely (because intentionally) subtle connections between, on the one hand, the "social engineers" in their "apolitical" leagues, and, on the other, the "theater of high politics". Elwitt constantly supposes and alludes to such relationships, but because he has based his book too exclusively on published texts and speeches, he fails to demonstrate them (as does, for example, Charles Maier in his masterly *Reinventing Bourgeois Europe*).

Worse, he sometimes overlooks them, with disastrous results. For example, he refers to "the lunatic right" (Maurras, Déroulède, Barrès, Drumont, etc) and alleges that they failed to "deal directly with the social question". The most casual acquaintance with the contents of police reports, or even of the now large secondary literature (which Elwitt openly disdains), would have revealed the nationalists' extraordinary and precocious sensitivity to the social question (not to mention their close connections with the men whom he writes about - and the men in power, as well). Hence the seriousness of the error of dismissing the far right as "lunatic".

In sum, if this book were a third longer, and if its energy and perspicacity were matched by close archival research, the result might have been a watershed in Third Republic historiography.

tries for each of the 2,050 *secrétaires* arranged alphabetically. The basic information comes mainly from the files containing the certificates of good conduct which the recipients of the offices were required to produce, a reliable source. Favre-Lejeune is in trouble when she endeavours to complete these entries with details of the ancestry or descent of the recipients. Using secondary material, opting for one bad source or another, she merges the family of Laborde the court banker with that of Jean-Benjamin de Laborde the farmer-general and musicologist, with devastating effect.

Despite such faults, the work is a useful compilation and an essential addition to the already impressive corpus of biographical dictionaries covering the "Establishment" of the *ancien régime* pioneered by François Bluche, Michel Antoine and others. Scholars of the period will rummage in it eagerly for details on those *illustres inconnus* who keep cropping up in their research. It is therefore a pity that this vast store of information has been presented in an ill-digested form and is by no means free from error.

The offstage social machinery

Steven Englund

SANFORD ELWITT
The Third Republic Defended: Bourgeois reform in France 1880-1914
304pp. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, £23.40,
08971 12941

Sanford Elwitt's last book, *The Making of the Third Republic*, left us in 1884, with the régime established and "republicanized". His new one collects us from where we stood, but takes us in a quite different direction. If, in its "youth", the Third Republic fought the essentially political battle of "qui gouverne?", by early "adolescence", writes Elwitt, it was obliged to get aside partisan quarrels in order to cope with the social conflict, the conflict that demographic and depression had brought relentlessly to the fore.

In short, the "Social Question" rudely intruded itself with the great crisis of the 1880s and thereafter preoccupied not simply the regime and the parties, but the nation as a whole. And with it came a different sort of politics from what we generally read about; to grasp the history of *fin-de-siècle* France, Elwitt argues, we must enquire into how the élites

met the continuing challenge posed by labour unions, strikes, revolutionary socialism and class struggle. To do this, the focus must shift from the familiar "theater of high politics" to "offstage, in the precincts of bourgeois political associations, where industrialists, managers, politicians, and politicized intellectuals gathered and drew up plans for France's 'social machinery'".

The arena on to which Elwitt shines a searchlight is quite as neglected and important as he makes out. It is not that we don't often encounter a familiar cast of characters (Buisson, Bourgeois, Say, etc), but rather that they are no longer confined to their roles as deputies and ministers. We see them, and many more, in their no less significant roles as social engineers and sociologists, as moral educators, paternalist reformers and solidarists. We meet them on corporate boards or in front offices, but mostly we meet them in the myriad political organizations that they spawned: le Musée Social, le Cercle Franklin, l'Association Muséum, la Ligue nationale de la prévoyance, la Société d'économie sociale, *et al*. The watch-words, almost the talismans, were "reform" and "social peace", but the reality remained the protection of corporate authority (against government as well as labour's encroachments).

Nobility at a price

John Register

CHRISTINE FAVRE-LEJEUNE
Les Secrétaires du Roi de la grande chancellerie de France: Dictionnaire biographique et généalogique 1672-1789
1344pp. Paris: Sedopols, 690fr,
2 90417 0778

As this book reveals, however, of the 2,050 purchasers of the 300 or so offices of *secrétaires du roi* in the period 1672-1789, 404 were already noble or on the way to becoming so. Of these, 320 were using the office as a means of accelerating or of completing their own move towards noble status. Why then did the eighty-four others, who were already noble, purchase or retain these offices? The explanations given here - that they had inherited them, or were holding on to them for sentimental reasons, or holding on to them as an investment, or again because such offices were an added proof of genuine nobility or just testimonials of good character - fail to carry conviction when the list includes a prince of the House of Lorraine, a legitimized Bourbon and a court grandee like the Duc d'Angoulême.

simply for money; and the *nouveaux riches* invariably rose to the bait. The office of *secrétaire du roi* was a short cut to noble status because it secured immediate ennoblement for the purchaser, whereas other venal offices conferred nobility only after the passage of two or three generations.

The 2,050 *secrétaires* were broken down into socio-professional groupings: 6.29 per cent were in the army (with a further 2.68 per cent in military administration), 33.65 per cent from the *robe* or magistrature, 31.02 per cent were financiers, 14.58 per cent in trade and 11.75 per cent miscellaneous. These statistics confirm that the majority of purchasers came from the rich, upwardly mobile sections of society. The *secrétaires* came from 416 towns. More came from Normandy, Champagne, Flanders, the vicinity of Paris, Lyons and Nantes, than from Alsace, Lorraine, Franche-Comté, Brittany and Guyenne-Gascony, where the major families were already noble or preferred to seek ennoblement through local office-holding. Half of them came from towns of more than 2,000 inhabitants. 673 came from Paris and 653 moved to Paris. *Secrétaires du roi* with gainful activities in the coastal regions tended to resist the lure of the capital. There it would be wise to stop quoting Christine Favre-Lejeune's figures, for some of them do not add up exactly and differ from those given by François Furet and Guy Chaussinand-Nogaret in their introduction.

The *Dictionnaire biographique* consists of en-

Putting the place to rights

G. H. Martin

R. A. SKELTON and P. D. A. HARVEY
Local Maps and Plans from Medieval England
370pp. Oxford University Press. £235.
0 198223633

The medieval artist's perception of the everyday world is one of the most characteristic and lasting features of his richly endowed but enigmatic culture. The intensely stylized quality of medieval painting, informed by symbolism that we can only imperfectly retrieve, seems to set the whole era apart. If there was a sense of perspective, it sat lightly on those who practised the graphic arts, yet the cathedrals stand to show how confidently their builders gauged space and drew templates, and much naturalistic sculpture survives to show flowers and leaves lovingly and exactly observed. In so idiosyncratic a time, it is not surprising that maps should be intricate rather than prosaic, and that spatial relationships should be presented in some strange guise. The best-known examples, the *mappe mundi*, are more celebrated for their imagery than for topographical reliability. They are also comparative rarities, and imply that they always were.

Appearances can be misleading, however, as in the *mappe mundi* itself, or in the Gough Map, which lies outside the bounds of *Local Maps and Plans from Medieval England*, but which within its amoeba-like outlines contains some precise observation. There are other grounds for supposing that the notion of mapping was not altogether strange to the medieval mind. When this volume was projected in 1967 it was to take account of what seemed to be a limited group of documents. It was first proposed by P. D. A. Harvey and keenly supported by R. A. Skelton. Before Skelton's untimely death in 1970 the original list of fifteen maps had grown substantially, and the completed work contains thirty maps and plans drawn before 1500, with a note of another four which were discovered too late to be incorporated. Three more of the learned contributors died before the present striking (and formidably expensive) volume emerged from the press.

The thirty maps discussed, each one illustrated in monochrome, and also in colour when the condition of a coloured original permits it, range in time from the middle years of the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century. Each is carefully described, its manuscript tradition and subsequent bibliography noted, and its topography and purpose elucidated by one (or in one instance, two) of the twenty principal contributors. Two appendices list medieval diagrams which are not topographical, and four maps previously attributed to the Middle Ages which are now accepted as dating from the sixteenth century. The substantial size of the volume, 200 x 350 mm, allows the maps to be handsomely reproduced, although the largest specimens, such as the plans of Canterbury Cathedral priory and the London Charterhouse, are still well below their actual size. Indeed, the dimensions of the page, which accommodate a line of print so long as to tax the eye, and that might have been as serviceably, though less elegantly, set in double column, still impose some reduction on almost

half the maps, including some of, though not all, the most detailed and striking. The general standard of the volume's design and typography is nevertheless high, and the scholarship all that one would expect of its general editor. Professor Harvey has given, or appears to have given, his contributors a free hand, and as they included Dom David Knowles on the Charterhouse and William Urry on the topography of Canterbury, it was eminently reasonable to do so. Besides describing three of the maps himself, he has written the four introductory essays on the traditions and accomplishments of medieval map-making, and discusses the present English evidence in a European context.

In doing that, he is careful not to be carried away by his material. In sum the English achievement is not impressive: there is no clear development of technique between the earliest and latest specimens, and Harvey sees no connection between surveying and map-making such as declared itself in the notable cartographic advances of the sixteenth century. Yet we now have twice as many local maps as we were aware of twenty years ago, and while there may not be many more to discover in Britain, it is certain that France has, and likely that Spain and Portugal will have, a good deal more to offer. A better-defined corpus of material from the Continent could make a vital difference to evaluating what has survived in England.

In the meantime, however, there is material for reflection. Only a few of the surviving English maps can be dated precisely, but even within the broadest limits of uncertainty two-thirds of the present number fall after 1401. Whether or not there had been any refinement of technique, there were more maps about at the end of the Middle Ages than there had been earlier. They are also more likely to have North placed at the top of the map as time goes on, which suggests some familiarity with the magnetic compass. Recent discoveries suggest that the portolan chart had an earlier currency in England than we have supposed, and the evidence from local maps is that its influence was not confined to navigation.

The geographical distribution of the maps is striking. Harvey points out that seven of the thirty come from the Fenland, and there he is able to discern something like a tradition of map-making. Of the others, the outliers are in the south-west (Exeter two and Dartmoor one) and Durham (three); and then come maps from South Yorkshire (Fenland again, south of Goolle), Tanworth-in-Arden and Sherwood Forest in the Midlands, a cluster in and around London (six) and Canterbury (four), and a solitary building plan from Winchester. There were certainly other building plans, and it would, despite Harvey's scholarly caution, be surprising if there were no maps anywhere else — if there were never any from Chester or Furness, for example, or Bury St Edmunds and Norwich, or Glastonbury.

The styles and purposes of the survivors are also striking. The largest broad group is concerned with water supplies, mill-streams, fisheries and riparian rights. A watercourse can sustain a substantial burden of interests, and so of conflicting claims. It also lends itself to graphical representation. At the time it was often more distinctive than a road, and its line

readily determines the order in which features are to be shown. A substantial cluster of maps, however, depict wider tracts of country, including Sherwood Forest, Dartmoor and Incesmoor, which called for some organizational skill; the depiction of Incesmoor, which Maurice Beresford argues persuasively for dating to the reign of Henry IV rather than Henry VII, is marked by some elegant draughtsmanship. But all are either quite crudely conceived or stylized in a fashion that overlays what we expect of a map.

The triumph of convention is less surprising in such specimens as the well-known vista of Bristol from Rickard's Calendar, or that of Bourstall, which were presumably designed to gratify in the one instance civic, and in the other family, pride. At Tanworth-in-Arden, at the very end of the period, we have sketch plans that display an element of proprietorial curiosity and technical enthusiasm; while at Barholm and Stowe, Lincolnshire, a crudely drawn but "by no means ineptly-plotted" map has been added to a historical rignarole about Barholm and Shillingthorpe which

serves no perceptible purpose, and yet clearly been the subject of much deliberation. Against it, the drawings of a message-plots at Clenchworth, Norfolk, tented in Exeter, or the parcels of land at Shobdon, Norfolk, which are evidently quite closely related to a field survey, are businesslike and straightforward.

First and last, however, these maps show style, and patterns of perception, that are different from our own. Even to the most exacting, they yield their information only slowly and cautiously. Those which are most concerned with practical matters, like the early fourteenth-century map of the springs and coasts at Wormley, Hertfordshire or the Church house plan, express the practicality of a supervising clerk rather than of the plumber or engineer. Yet without exception they are much more to offer than any of their ostensible purposes. They present a view of a world that is demonstrably like our own, but which is assessed in a manner thoroughly and accurately different. We are the better informed about it by this remarkable work.

Insular illuminations

Christopher de Hamel

LUCY FREEMAN SANDLER
Gothic Manuscripts, 1285-1385
Two volumes, 301pp and 450 illustrations.
Harvey Miller/Oxford University Press. £70.
0 199210373

Lucy Freeman Sandler's *Gothic Manuscripts 1285-1385* is the fifth of six volumes in the series *A Survey of Manuscripts Illuminated in the British Isles*. The whole multi-volume project, under the general editorship of J. J. G. Alexander, is planned to provide an illustrated corpus of all the most important manuscripts illuminated in Britain from the beginnings of book painting in the seventh century to the flamboyant texts of the Renaissance. The actual manuscripts are now scattered in all parts of the world. The *Survey* will represent them together in chronological order with illustrations and descriptions and with up-to-date commentaries and bibliographies. The number of major English medieval paintings on and around the pages of books is vast (and far more books survive from the Middle Ages than artefacts of any other kind), but it is not infinite. The *Survey of Manuscripts Illuminated in the British Isles* is a first giant step towards writing a history of the first millennium of British pictorial art, and this is a unique project among the countries of Europe.

Lucy Sandler describes 158 manuscripts. She explains that this takes us from the Alphonso Psalter, begun to commemorate the impending marriage of a younger son of Edward I, to the Missal made at Westminster Abbey at the expense of Abbot Nicholas Litlington exactly a hundred years later. The Psalter passed down through the Bohun family (we hear a lot about them here) and through a succession of collectors, including Archbishop Tenison (1636-1715), was sold at Sotheby's twice and is now in the British Library. The Missal has never left the Abbey where it was made and where thirteen dozen sheets of vellum were ordered for its manufacture in 1383-4.

It is striking that the texts in this group of manuscripts are strangely old-fashioned. The finest and most famous books are Psalters and Missals and devotional works. More than two-thirds of all the best English manuscripts of the period, this catalogue reveals, are Bibles or service-books: it is quite different from the practice on the Continent, where at this time they were illustrating Dante and the *Roman de la Rose*, Trojan and Arthurian romances, history texts, and encyclopaedias. There is not one Middle English manuscript here, and the only literary text is a French copy of Lancelot, included because two miniatures were afterwards overpainted in English.

The clues that emerge about the first owners of English manuscripts, or (rarer still) about their scribes and artists, suggest a much closer relationship with the Church than one would have expected as late as the fourteenth century. About a fifth of the manuscripts listed

here are known to have belonged to Benedictine abbeys; there are many Augustinian as well as some Cluniac books, and also those from the Abbeys of Peterborough, Ramsey and Bromholm. One scribe whose name survives was a canon of St Paul's Cathedral in London. Other scribes, though apparently laymen, are recorded as lodging in the Priory of St Trinity, Aldgate, and in the royal Abbey of Westminster and St Albans. The illuminator on the payroll of Humphrey de Bohun (who died in 1361) was an Augustinian canon, and he was his apprentice, Henry Hood, Brother Henry was in Rome on ecclesiastical business in 1390. It may be this comparative unprofessionalism of English manuscript-makers that accounts for a notable lack of uniformity among their books. None of the manuscripts described here can be linked with great certainty to specific workshops. Professor Sandler, unlike many historians of medieval art, is experienced enough to be very cautious of making unsubstantiated attributions. She stresses the risk of confusing the intended destination of a manuscript with its place of manufacture. With courtesy and carefully phrased authority, she calls into question many published localizations and, in associating some books with London or Norwich, asks whether we really know enough of other cities such as York or Bristol. Oxford and Salisbury were doubtless important too. Certain stylistic details of manuscripts, such as those resembling the Queen Mary Psalter or the Walter of Milemete books, hint at a few centres of production, perhaps in London; but the overall impression left from reading this catalogue is of widely disparate and wildly eccentric manuscripts home-made under the auspices of rural monks or of minor provincial aristocrats.

This eccentricity is a great part of the fun of fourteenth-century English art. The manuscripts here are filled with multicoloured moor-crests, lion-pawed owls, courtly wild-women grotesques with two faces or with heads like drums or jugs, monkeys aping humans, birds, rabbits and probably more bare bottoms than in any books until the 1890s. Lucy Sandler has managed to convey in a few words exact images of even some of the most bizarre mythical freaks. Her descriptions are clear, simple and vivid. She avoids technical jargon with such thoroughness that her glossary even includes the word "squiggle". The author has really looked at these manuscripts and clearly loves them. Students will have seen her in the reading rooms of the British Library and elsewhere, sitting far back in her chair, gazing and gazing at illumination. She refers here to "hidden delights which emerge into sight only after long perusal". She began this catalogue in 1976 and knows each manuscript like an old friend. In real life it is sometimes impertinent to inquire too closely into the origins of intimate comparisons: in this book we are introduced to 158 of Professor Sandler's.

In the line of the Prophet

Fred M. Donner

PATRICIA CRONE AND MARTIN HINDS
God's Caliph: Religious authority in the first centuries of Islam
350pp. Cambridge University Press. £22.50.
0 521 32185 9

One of the joys, as well as one of the pitfalls, of studying the origins of Islam lies in the dearth of truly documentary sources that tell us what happened. On the one hand, it is all too easy, in their absence, to be misled by what later Islamic tradition says about its own origins, or by the accounts of "outside" (that is non-Islamic) sources, such as Christian Byzantine or Syrian chronicles, whose biases and motivations in reporting the rise of Islam we do not yet fully understand. On the other hand, this very lack of evidence sometimes offers the historian a luxury that his colleagues specializing in better-documented historical periods cannot enjoy — virtual freedom from decisive refutation. The biggest challenge facing him, then, is to deal creatively, yet responsibly, with the limited evidence available. He must somehow avoid being buried under a mass of traditional interpretations, without merely escaping to castles in the air. The authors of *God's Caliph* have done a good job of keeping their feet on the ground, while looking about in search of new vistas.

Their main thesis is a very simple one. They argue that "the early caliphate was conceived along the lines familiar from Shi'ite Islam". That is, the early caliphs were considered to be not only political rulers of the Islamic community, as later Sunni theory claimed, but also the fount of the community's law and the guides necessary for the individual Muslim, and for the Islamic community at large, to attain salvation in the afterlife. The early caliphs, in other words, claimed to be both rulers and legislators, just like the Shi'ite imams. Like them, the Umayyad caliphs — in the authors' view — claimed that the imam/caliph was the functional equivalent of a prophet. Indeed, the Shi'ite conception, rather than being the innovation it is generally held to be, is nothing less than a vestige of the original conception of the caliphate held by all Muslims. Most Western scholars have adopted the later Sunni interpretation that the early caliphs were political rulers only, so Patricia Crone and Martin Hinds' interpretation, if sustained, will serve as an important corrective.

Having first stated their case, the authors proceed to document it, and to discuss why and how the original conception of the caliphate was superseded by the victorious Sunni theory (except, of course, in Shi'ite circles). The evidence of coins and Umayyad poetry, which they consider to be more reliable than the often reduced? texts of chronicles, weighs especially heavily; through it, they try to show that the Umayyads, starting with 'Uthman (644-56) and continuing to the end of the dynasty in 750, almost all claimed to be "God's caliph" (*Khalfat Allah*), a phrase glossed by later Sunni writers as an abbreviation of the unwieldy "successor [of the Apostle] of God" (*Khalfat rasul Allah*), but in fact simply a statement of the Umayyads' belief that they were, in fact, God's agents, or deputies, on earth, and not simply the Prophet's political successors. This conception was at work in the Umayyads' issuance of edicts and in their activities as judges, not only in matters of taxation and state administration, but in all aspects of what comes to be known as Islamic law (*shari'at*). Whether essentially religious or secular in its import, The Umayyads also claimed to have superhuman (that is, God-guided) insight in matters of legal judgment.

In this context the authors also discuss the slow emergence of the Islamic concept of *sunna*: Later Sunni thinkers would come to understand this term as a reference to the "sayings of the Prophet (Muhammad)", and link it to very specific practices as one of the main legitimizing principles of Sunni legal theory. Crone and Hinds argue, however, that in the Umayyad period the term meant merely "generally accepted practice" (or perhaps simply "virtue", especially as displayed by prophets and caliphs); an idea at this time still devoid of any specific legal content. When linked with appeals to "the book" (viz. the Qur'an), it seems to have been used by rebels

as a kind of general appeal for support against perceived oppression, much as twentieth-century public figures voice vague catchwords such as "progress", "democracy", or "freedom" when they decide to enter the political fray.

The later sections of the book describe how the Abbasids attempted, unsuccessfully, to continue this Umayyad conception of the caliphate, and how they eventually succumbed to the Sunni theory, generated among the *'ulama* (those people learned in religious law), which not surprisingly placed the authority to interpret Qur'an and *sunna* — in effect, to legislate — squarely in the hands of the *'ulama* themselves.

There is much to recommend serious consideration of the views in this book. The authors relate the religio-political conceptions of different Islamic groups (Shi'is, Sunnis, Kharijites, etc.) in a way that, at first sight, appears more plausible than the "traditional" viewpoint, which forces us to assume that the "sectarian" conceptions are somehow derivative from the "orthodox" Sunni conception,

have to ask what this formulation really meant to them. Perhaps I am just stubborn, but I find it hard to believe that when al-Tahtawi called the Khedive of Egypt "caliph of God in His earth", he meant to imply that the Khedive, as "God's deputy", was imbued with full religious authority — authority to make new laws on his own, perhaps overturning in the process precedents traced back to the Prophet Muhammad or the Qur'an; authority to act without reference to any other group, particularly the *'ulama*; authority upon which the salvation of the Islamic community ultimately depended, in the manner of a Shi'ite imam. It is hard to believe, also, that the *'ulama* of Egypt understood al-Tahtawi's use of the term in this way, and simply acquiesced in the Khedive's role as God-guided imam — a role which, of course, would have deprived the *'ulama* themselves of any real position of influence, theologically or socially. It seems more likely that al-Tahtawi (and others who use the term "caliph of God" at so late a date) meant to imply by it something much more limited: that the Khedive was called God's deputy (or, perhaps, "hen-

tenant") because he was the political leader of Egypt, and hence had the responsibility of seeing that the *shari'at* was implemented as fully as possible, in order to ensure that Egyptian Muslims could attain salvation by meeting their religious obligations to perform prayer, fasting, almsgiving, etc. In short, the Khedive was to be not an imam-legislator, but simply an executor and guardian of the already firmly established *shari'at* or law, a law securely under the control of the *'ulama* as far as interpretation and innovation were concerned. There is nothing revolutionary about such an interpretation, of course; it is fully consonant with traditional Sunni political theory.

The book is also impressive for the range of evidence assembled to support its arguments — evidence not only from the earliest Islamic centuries, but also that some of these concepts survived, or that the vocabulary associated with them continued to circulate, until a much later date. The authors, show, for example, how the phrase "caliph (deputy) of God" is attested not only for the Umayyads and Abbasids, but also for the Saljuqs (eleventh to thirteenth centuries), the Ottomans (thirteenth to twentieth centuries), the Khedives of nineteenth-century Egypt, and even for former president Numeiri of the Sudan, as late as 1984.

But there is a problem here. If later orthodox Muslims from the Saljuqs to Numeiri, who knew and subscribed to the Sunni version of things, could also use the "earlier" formulation with no apparent cognitive dissonance, we

even though it has never been clear just how this evolution could have taken place. For, if the process had begun with the Sunni notions that Muhammad was truly the last of the prophets and that the early caliphs were merely his successors in matters of political command, it is entirely unclear how the notion of a divinely guided imam — (that is, a political and religious leader — could have arisen at all within the context of Islam. In some ways, then, the new thesis, which places the imamate conception first, is simply more cogent than were earlier theories.

It seems evident

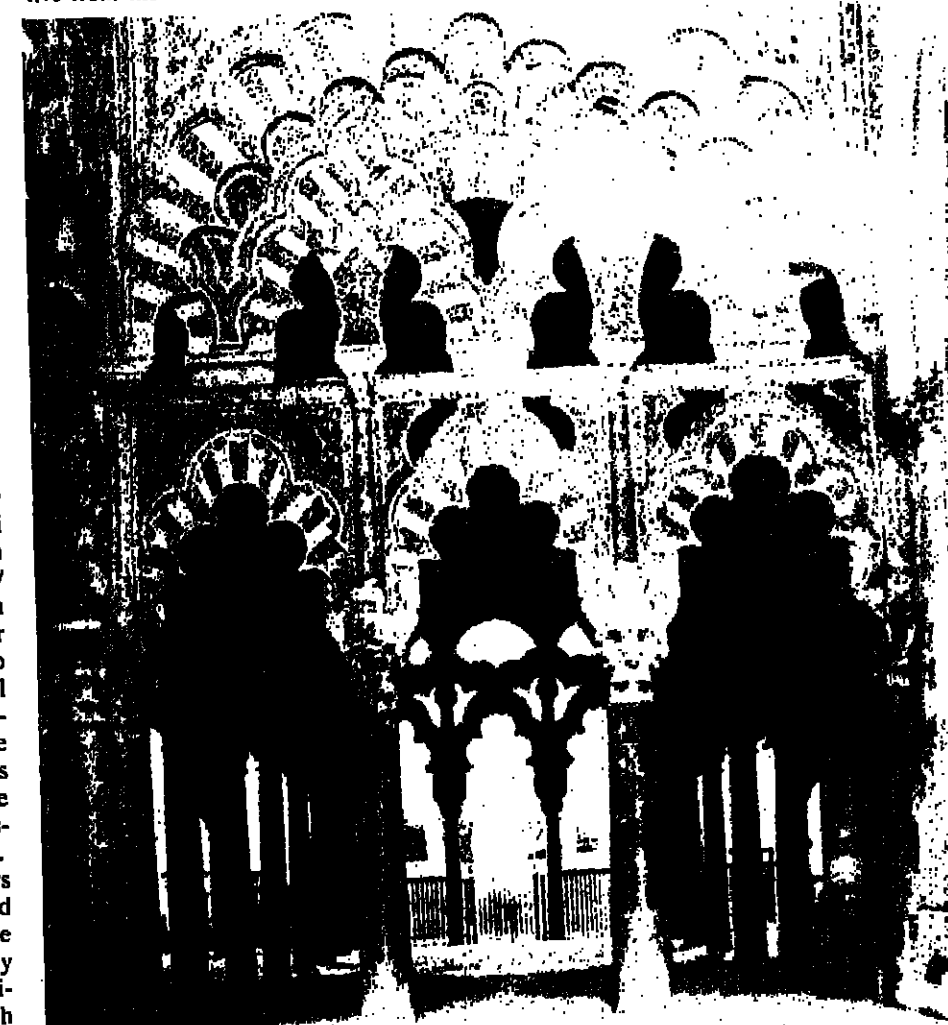
that some people, at least, subscribed to such beliefs at an early date. Al-Hasan al-Basri's epistle, for example (c.700), clearly presents the view that the Qur'an was the only true source of authority (Crone and Hinds call him, very appropriately, "a Qur'anic fundamentalist").

The authors have demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt, I think, that the Umayyads (and the Abbasids after them) made claims to full religious authority for themselves, but the fact that prominent early Muslims like al-Hasan al-Basri held other views forces us to ask how widely the Umayyad claims were accepted. Simply showing that the Umayyads believed themselves to be vested with absolute religious authority is not sufficient basis for the authors to claim that this represented the original conception of the caliphate; it only permits them to claim that it represented one early conception of the caliphate — one, perhaps, among many. Much of their evidence derives from the Umayyads' own official decrees, from coins issued by them, and from the work of their court poets — all of which could be expected to toe the Umayyad line.

Another possible difficulty with the thesis presented in *God's Caliph* is raised by the frequent invocation of the principle of *shura*, or consultative council, in early Islamic political dialogue, for it is an idea which fits ill with the view advanced here that all early Muslims considered the caliph to be God's deputy with full legislative authority. We see the *shura* concept invoked even in one of the documents that Crone and Hinds so thoughtfully translate for us as evidence, the letter of Yazid III; in this case, Yazid relates how his followers confronted "the enemy of God", Yazid's rival al-Walid, and "called upon him to set up a *shura* in which the Muslims might consider for themselves whom to invest [with authority] from those they agreed on". This does not sound, however, like the talk of one who truly believed that he held the full, divinely granted authority to rule the community; if he did believe so, why would he entrust such major decisions to the whim of a *shura* composed of ordinary Muslims? Similarly, if during the first civil war both 'Ali and Mu'awiya (or either one of them) had subscribed to the view that they held rightful, God-given authority fully in their own hands, why did they both agree to let the dispute between them be arbitrated by their representatives, whose judgment could, after all, only be human?

In sum, the authors of *God's Caliph* may have overstated the conceptual uniformity within the early Islamic community on matters of religious authority and legitimization. This is rather ironic in view of the fact that one of the authors (Crone), in an earlier book published with Michael Cook (*Hagarism*, 1977), stressed precisely the conceptual fluidity and ideological diversity in early Islam, a diversity which *God's Caliph* seems to deny. The authors have, I believe, rightly argued that the imam-type conception of the caliphate is an old one; but they have wrongly concluded that the "constitutional" or eventual Sunni argument, according to which the Qur'an and the Prophet Muhammad are the ultimate sources of law, could not therefore also be old, and must consequently be derivative. In fact, it seems to me more reasonable to assume that both conceptions (along, perhaps, with a number of others) are equally old, and that the confusion of early Islamic political theory, and the determined maintenance of both opinions among different groups over fourteen centuries, reflect the uncertainty and diversity of opinion among the earliest Muslims as they struggled — in word and in deed — to establish the merits of their contending theories.

The preceding ruminations should not mislead the reader into dismissing this book; rather, they should be recognized as mere quibbles — and largely tentative ones as that — that hardly affect its substantive contribution. Crone and Hinds have provided us with the best-documented, most penetrating and most thought-provoking study of early Islamic religio-political concepts to date. Its abundant references will long be mined by others, and its fertile and imaginative, but generally sensible, insights will probably provide the framework for discussion on this theme for years to come. In short, it is a scholarly contribution of major importance.



Supporting arches of the lantern of Hakeem II in the Great Mosque, Cordoba. The photograph is reproduced from *Islamic Architecture* by John D. Hoag (203pp, Faber & Faber, £12.95, 0 571 14663 9).

From under Spanish seals

Angus Mackay

FRANCISCO J. HERNÁNDEZ (Editor)
Los Cartularios de Toledo: Catálogo documental
854pp. Madrid: Fundación Ramón Areces.
84 85842 30 2

The publication of this impressive and handsome volume marks the first stage of an important project, the *Monumenta Ecclesiae Tolitanae Historica*. Under the joint direction of the archivist of Toledo Cathedral, Dr Ramón González, and Dr Francisco J. Hernández, its objective is to publish all the medieval documents of the cathedral archives of Toledo (including those which were transferred to the National Archive in Madrid during the nineteenth century). Given that city's

distinction, as well as the fact that access to the archives in question has not always been easy, the publication of these documents, covering the years 1086-1495, will undoubtedly provide scholars with rich new sources of evidence on religious, political, social and cultural history. *Los Cartularios de Toledo* is a scrupulous work of scholarship covering royal, private and papal documents. Its value is greatly enhanced by excellent indexes, and the editor has provided each entry with exactly the right amount of textual apparatus.

It is fervently to be hoped that the international team of scholars which has been recruited to complete the task initiated under the generous aegis of the Fundación Ramón Areces will be enabled to continue a project from which our knowledge of medieval Europe as well as of Spain stands to benefit substantially.

Seasonal walks

Alexander Urquhart

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
The Year at Great Dixter
192pp. Viking. £14.95.
0670 809829

Christopher Lloyd, probably alone among living writers on gardening, has created a world which is unmistakably his own. At the centre of it is Great Dixter, the Lloyd family home, where he has been gardening, writing and receiving the public for more than thirty years. The house and garden have been a discernible source in most of Lloyd's previous books, but in *The Year at Great Dixter*, they have become the protagonists.

Dixter is a fifteenth-century Sussex manor house, magnificent of its kind. In his introduction Mr Lloyd sheds light on the diversity of influence which has led to the garden in its present form. In 1910 Nathaniel Lloyd, the author's father, bought the house and commissioned Lutyens to extend it and to lay out a

garden. His own horticultural interest seems to have focused almost entirely on clipping. He planted the hedges and topiary at Dixter and published a manual entitled *Garden Craftsmanship in Yew and Box*. After he died the wild pear tree which has since become a landmark was given its freedom and allowed to grow up through one of his hedges. During his lifetime, his son tells us, "he used to have it clipped every year so that it looked like a shaving brush at the end of each season". Lloyd's mother was a more fertile influence and the inspiration for the present garden. She introduced "wild gardening in rough grass", arguably Dixter's triumph. Mother and son worked together, not always harmoniously, until her death at the age of ninety-one.

The garden is in effect a number of inter-related smaller gardens in circular arrangement around the house. Lloyd hinges his commentary on a series of walks. The book has a chapter for each month of the year and, depending on the season, we are taken to visit one or other part of the garden:

My borders' abiding strengths in winter are in their

evergreens, in certain dried flower heads like hydrangeas, sedum and cardoon, and in the ornamental grasses. . . . They turn to ethereal shades of warm brown and paler straw as the sap gradually withdraws from stems and foliage. This only happens to the majority in December.

This sort of seasonal examination is an obvious approach but a good one, showing by example that there is no need for a garden to be without interest or to look threadbare at any time of the year. Of course no combination of words and pictures is a substitute for being there, but it is testimony to Lloyd's skill that he almost succeeds in providing one. He is the Iznak Walton of gardening, and the blend of homespun philosophy, anecdote and technical expertise which makes his writing so attractive serves him well here.

Other areas of the meadow are rich in snakeshead fritillaries, *Fritillaria meleagris*, chequered purple or white or some intermediate shade. They love our heavy soil and keep increasing. Then there are proud spikes of early purples, *Orchis mascula*, above heavily spotted foliage. My mother and I originally introduced these from the woods, but they have taken over and now occur in many areas where we never

thought to plant them. This is the kind of outcome which conservationists cannot bear to template (not in public anyway).

Characterization of a plantsman's garden through close examination of the plants to be avoided, but Lloyd sometimes succumbs to it. By June the pages bristle with botanical names and a good knowledge is necessary to get the best out of the tour. He is not unkind of the problem:

This book would become tedious if I paraded thousands of plants. . . . It has to be a "highlight from recording", leaving the complete plant those who have the stamina to come and see themselves, not once but on repeated occasions.

A remarkable quality in Lloyd is his capacity to cater for those who do come and see (see 20,000 each year), without destroying the feeling of intimacy which is so essential to a garden like Great Dixter. This is largely achieved by sacrificing, or at least seeming to sacrifice, his own privacy. But a garden is a public statement and Christopher Lloyd's success is a measure of his commitment.

ornamental plants. The greatest of these editors was undoubtedly Sir William Hooker, whose short-lived *Companion to the Botanical Magazine* featured articles on subjects from botanical exploration to paper-making.

To those familiar with the *Bot. Mag.* as a sturdy series occupying some twenty feet of shelf space, it will come as a surprise to learn how close it came to extinction on several occasions during its history. William Curtis, its founder, was for ever inaugurating great abortive projects; under his son-in-law, Samuel Curtis, the journal began to suffer from the competition of its imitators, most notably Sydenham Edwards's *Botanical Register*; throughout the Victorian period its sales fluctuated; with the First World War it nearly

foundered, only to be rescued by the Horticultural Society in 1920. It was not until 1949 that economics finally resulted in the continuation of hand-colouring.

Celebration of Flowers contains thirty plates, reproduced in colour, most of them from the original watercolours. Compared with the published plates may lead to long-overdue reassessment of the merits of Walter Hood Fitch (1817-1892), whose digital output (nearly 1,000 published drawings) has led most critics to regard his work as life and mechanical, and so to underrate him.

Side by side with the commercial histories the magazine runs the story of the plants that were illustrated in it, with chapters on greenhouses and gardens, orchidomania, methods of transporting plants, and twentieth-century plant hunting. These summaries are skilful and the description of the slow growth of expertise in orchid culture is the best I have come across to date. This is a genuine contribution to that under-researched subject, the history of horticulture. The history of gardens, however, is another matter. The chapter on Victorian gardens is really an account of the plants that contained, so it comes as no surprise when the author claims that it is "impossible to define a typical Victorian garden"; he has simply demonstrated the limits of the botanical approach to garden history.

This history effectively comes to an end in the early 1980s; the discontinuation of *Camellia Botanical Magazine* and its replacement by *The New Magazine* are dealt with quickly in the last paragraph. The change was justified by sound commercial reasons; but since sound commercial reasons could have justified the closure of the magazine at virtually any point in the last 140 years, one cannot but regret that the old title was not continued until the bicentenary at least.

particularly relevant to modest-sized modern gardens.

Sometimes, rarely, there is confusion. Repton opens the section on "The Formal Garden". It is good to be reminded that as he aged he redefined his philosophy; for many he remains associated with the wider landscape. But Plate 3, referred to twice later in the book, does not demonstrate a layout by Repton as the caption states. He made a plan with this title at Ashridge Park but it was for another area of the garden and it was never implemented. Wrayville's parterre was designed circa 1817; but the illustration shows an arriational pattern introduced in the 1860s. We normally distinguish between the Rev William Gilpin, writer on the "picturesque", and his nephew, William Sawrey Gilpin, author of *Practical Hints on Landscape Gardening*, by including the latter's second name. Even in the acknowledgements at the back of the book this is not done. More regrettably, apart from choosing the themes and appropriate passages for inclusion, the editors

Run for fun

Raymond Carr

ROGER MUNTING
Hedges and Hurdles: A social and economic history of National Hunt racing
172pp. J. A. Allen. £12.95.
085331 4244

It is rare that the history of sport is the work of an enthusiast who is also a trained historian. Roger Munting is both. He can thus set steeple-chasing against the economic and social background, not only of racing itself but of spectator sports in general, dependent as they are on the level of real wages and the amount of spare cash the spectators have to spend, or, as Victorian prudens were wont to argue, to waste, on the leisure industries. It is rare for a writer on sports to give tables derived from Hunt's *Regional Wage Variations in Britain, 1860-1913*, or Feinstein's *National Income and Expenditure*. Such expertise does not mean that the unwary reader will be marooned in quantitative history. This is a lively book.

It is mainly concerned with the regulation and rise to respectability of an unruly sport, in its early years popular with "betting men and roughs" and managed by stewards who turned a blind eye to illicit practices. While flat racing was patronized by kings and the nobility, the early steeplechases were organized by publicans; they brought into the field what Nimrod, the great sporting journalist of the 1830s, called "a bevy of scamps and vagabonds". Surtees, another opponent of steeple chasing, alleged that it was run by Jews (Surtees was notoriously antisemitic). Both thought it cruel to horses. Regulation came with the National Hunt Committee, established in 1866. Once amalgamated with the Jockey Club, National Hunt racing could at last approach flat racing in social acceptability. No longer is it, as it was described in the 1880s, "the recognized refuge of all outcasts, humane and equine, from the legitimate turf". Yet something of the old image lingers on: the *Sunday Times* has described Cheltenham as "one gigantic Anglo-Irish booze-up".

Throughout, Munting is excellent on the symbiotic relationship between gambling and racing. They cannot exist apart. The Victorians attacked gambling with as much vigour as they campaigned against prostitution. The campaign against off-the-course betting, as he demonstrates, was flawed by social prejudice

and a condescending paternalism. It was the increase of betting "especially amongst the working class" that alarmed the House of Lords Select Committee in 1902. Off-the-course street betting was penalized and gave a great deal of unnecessary work to the police; but the rich could bet on credit. The legalization of betting-shops in the 1960s provides proof that laws cannot defeat one of the most marked characteristics of the British people; a propensity to gamble which leads 35 per cent of the adult population to fill in football pools and 50 per cent to have a flutter on the Grand National and the Derby. But prejudice and puritanism died a lingering death; Lord Reith's BBC gave no starting-prices on radio till after the Second World War and the *Manchester Guardian* was the last paper to employ a racing correspondent.

Why has National Hunt racing retained its popularity in an urban society? There is, of course, the sheer excitement. Who can forget this year's Gold Cup, with that gallant outsider Cymbrorian, jumping beautifully, overtaken on the home stretch by The Thinker? The great National Hunt horses, because they have a longer racing life than horses on the flat, become national heroes; Red Rum made more money as a "personality" than as a racehorse. Popular interest in racing has been stimulated by television, and because television leads to commercial sponsorship it has helped its finances though perhaps at the cost of diminishing attendances. Fearing this, Mrs Topham, then owner of Aintree, long refused television coverage and supplied her own radio commentators, with disastrous, if comic, results. Racing commentators are highly skilled professionals, and the increased professionalization and commercialization of spectator sports is a main and important theme of *Hedges and Hurdles*.

Roger Munting's explanation for the continuing popularity of National Hunt racing is that rural romanticism leads businessmen to pose as country squires at the weekend. No longer an unregulated gallop across open country, steeplechasing, professionalized, regulated, commercialized as it now is, still retains a flavour of its origins in the hunting world of the English countryside. Neither owners nor all but the most successful professional jockeys but the most successful amateur riders. They, like the spectators and amateur betters, are in it for the fun of the thing.

alin-powered immediacy of being - this patch of lichen, this white fingertip, these waves beneath - when all sense of separation is dissolved. More unusual elements in *Native Stones* include reflections on climbing with one's children - the conflicting urges to protect and expose them, the poignant moment when they finally leave one behind. He is fascinated, too, by the geology, the plant and the animal life of the crags, as well as their human history. Wordsworth and Coleridge were the first known craggers (for aesthetic rather than practical aims). For Coleridge, climbing presented "opportunities for ecstasy and dread and thrill". This approach lives on in modern extreme climbing, particularly American, which expresses itself in the language of drugs, Joyce, a stream-of-consciousness allusive and fantastic: a celebration of private weirdness. Craig himself finally comes down on the side of the "thinness" of experience; for him Nature, though deeply felt, always has a small "n". His poems appear throughout the text (Craig has written three books of poetry) but fail to take off, weighed down by ideas, words and striving (as is his prose on occasion). But most of this vivid, thoughtful book rings as true as a well-struck, now unfashionable, pylon.

Craig argues that climbing is a simple extension of a baby's reflexive grip and the child's scrambling, that the urge to pull up higher is as natural as swimming or kicking a ball. But it is not that simple. Climbing involves fear, risk of injury or death. Many climbers will insist that climbing is not dangerous - then add that if it were not dangerous there would be no point in doing it. This psychological inconsistency lies close to the heart of climbing. Without some degree of fear and risk, there would be no opportunity for transcendence. It would be like climbing without gravity. In chemical terms the euphoria and well-being in risk sports comes from massive secretions of adrenalin; psychologically, it is in self-affirmation and self-overcoming. And in defeat there is humility and self-knowledge, as when Craig ruefully records, "Honour and self-esteem can be like overbred beasts, turning sickly or vicious at the least setback".

The addiction of climbing lies in an adre-

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J. H. C. Leach TLS 8th August 1986

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